

The Papacy in the English Church

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The Sewanee Review Quarterly

EDITED BY
GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE



April-June, 1922

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PUBLISHED BY
THE SEWANEE REVIEW, INC.
AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS OF SEWANEE TENNESSEE

Entered at the postoffice at Sewanee, Tenn., as second-class matter.

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THE SEWANEE REVIEW

VOL. XXX]

APRIL, 1922

[No. 2

HELEN OF TROY

Helen the fair, Helen the fair, thy face
Has charmed my travail on the wayward sea.
Leave thy dull, plodding lord! Fly far with me
And share the purple glory of my race!
Enthralling magic of thy godlike grace
Bids me make light of simple honesty.
Truth, justice, faith, scorned hospitality—
What are they when I melt in thy embrace?

She charmed his travail on the wayward sea.
As some vast comet, from unfathomed lair,
Sweeps, blasting earth with plague of hideous things,
So moved that star of mortal majesty;
And in its train wrath, havoc, and despair
Burst on the splendor of a score of kings.

GAMALIEL BRADFORD.

Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts.

RUSKIN AND THE *WAVERLEY NOVELS*

Andrew Lang, in an essay on Scott, remarks: "Often as it has been my fortune to write about Sir Walter Scott, I never sit down to do so without a sense of happiness and elation."¹ Many have been of similar mind. The circle of Scott's admirers has always been large, and includes names as diverse as those of Goethe,² Byron,³ FitzGerald,⁴ Dumas,⁵ Gladstone,⁶ Hogg,⁷ Irving,⁸ and Ruskin. Scott wins his popularity in no one way. His poetry has had its admirers. His novels have had a host of readers. But many in his own day, and since then, have been drawn to

¹ Warner: *Library of the World's Best Literature*, xxii, 11995.

² Albert Bielschowsky: *The Life of Goethe* (tr. W. A. Cooper), iii, 173, 175.

³ E. C. Mayne: *Byron*, ii, 278 n 2: "Byron's delight in the *Waverley Novels* was so great that he never travelled without his copies of them, and *Quentin Durward* was one of the last books he read."

⁴ A. Benson: *Edward FitzGerald*, p. 159: "FitzGerald worshipped Scott, read and re-read him in the days of strong sight; and in the days of clouded vision had the novels read to him. Scott opened a door to him into an enchanted world, not the dreary, familiar world he knew so well and was often so wearied of, but into a brave, bright country of fair ladies and shrewd crones, of freebooters and knights and gallant gentlemen. . . . Scott's defects as a writer seemed to FitzGerald to float like straws on a river deep and wide."

⁵ P. FitzGerald: *Life and Adventures of Alexander Dumas*, i, 98: "The English writer that enjoyed the heartiest popularity, and who was read with delight and interest, was Walter Scott; and though Dumas, like his countrymen, disdained to acknowledge obligation, historical romances like *Ivanhoe* and *Quentin Durward* suggested the romantic historical drama which Dumas and Victor Hugo were presently to introduce; nay, the dashing spirit of *Monte Cristo* and of *The Three Musketeers* is to be found in the same illustrious models."

⁶ Cf. John Morley: *Life of Gladstone*, i, 387 n¹; iii, 424, 491.

⁷ James Hogg's intimacy with and admiration for Scott may quickly be verified by reading the references to Hogg in Lockhart's *Life of Walter Scott*. In 1834 Hogg published *The Domestic Manners and Private Life of Sir Walter Scott*. See Hogg's *Lines to Sir Walter Scott*.

⁸ See Irving's letter in which he comments upon the rumor that Walter Scott was the author of the *Sketch Book* (P. M. Irving: *Life and Letters of Washington Irving*, ii, 22): "I cannot help smiling at the idea that anything I have written should be deemed worthy of being attributed to Sir Walter Scott, and that I should be called upon to vindicate my weak pen from the honor of such a parentage. He could tenant half a hundred scribblers like myself on the mere skirts of his literary reputation."

him chiefly as a generous and high-souled man, so loving by nature that, if report be true, not only dogs⁹ were devoted to him as a kind master, but a sentimental pig conceived an ardent attachment for him.

Since the name of Scott is a familiar household word, to mention it is probably to awaken the memory of a series of dramatic pictures, seen first, perhaps, in childhood in the pages of the novels that have served so many children as the magic key opening to them the world of romance. It may be a great tournament, Queen Elizabeth's visit to Kenilworth, the mysterious mass in the cave of Theodorick, the meeting between Louis XI and Charles of Burgundy, Mary Queen of Scots' escape from Lochleven Castle, Cromwell's raid at Woodstock, Waverley entertained in the hall of Fergus MacIvor, or the exploits of Rob Roy's band of rovers. In the same way, one is able to mention quite casually a goodly number of people from Scott's novels whom he remembers as real persons and not as names in books. No one forgets Jeanie Deans, Diana Vernon, Flora MacIvor, Edie Ochiltree, Old Mortality, Jonathan Oldbuck, Madge Wildfire, Saunders Mucklebackit, Dominie Sampson, Andrew Fairservice, or Peter Peebles.

Yet our familiarity with certain portions of Scott's work occasionally leads us to forget his total literary output. His novels and tales alone number thirty-two. These stories, from *Count Robert of Paris* to *St. Ronan's Well*, cover a period of about eight centuries and record events in the reigns of fifteen English rulers, besides the period of the Commonwealth. They localize these events in Constantinople, Jerusalem, Wales, Syria, Flanders, France, Switzerland, and various parts of England and Scotland. Scott was forty-three years of age when his first novel was published. Known in the literary world before this time as a poet, he had produced a body of verse fairly large in bulk. One must not forget either his translations from the German, his collections of ballads, his biographies and editions of Dryden and Scott, his life of Napoleon, comprising

⁹P. M. Irving: *Life and Letters of Washington Irving* (ed. 1863), i, 381 ff.; 383, 385; J. G. Lockhart: *Life of Walter Scott* (Macm., 1914), iii, 399 ff.

nine closely printed octavo volumes, or his history of Scotland. And this list entirely omits numerous essays, reviews, and notes upon various subjects. It is well to realize something of the extent of Scott's work before attempting to pass critical judgment upon it.

One of the great services which Ruskin renders to those who read him at all faithfully is in enlarging their range of interests. Certainly, no one seriously ignorant of Walter Scott could continue to read Ruskin without a sense of shame. The life-long influence which Scott exercised upon Ruskin is a matter of common knowledge. Yet it might appear from superficial observation that the two men were very unlike. The country gentleman from Abbotsford, entertaining lavishly, creating novels rapidly, apparently to fill his purse and to amuse the public, seems different from that passionate other, who, as life advanced, felt increasingly called upon to utilize his whole strength of mind and body to correct what he deemed to be the abuses of his generation. It appears hard to reconcile the spirit of the man who declares that "Rokeby does and must go forward, or my trees and enclosures might, perchance, stand still"¹⁰ with that which prompted the promulgator of the doctrine that "There is no Wealth but Life".¹¹ Scott, feverishly jeopardizing his own and his family's fortune to add new and incongruous turrets to Abbotsford and to increase an estate already large, appears not akin to Ruskin when the latter says:—

"In actual life, let me assure you, . . . the first 'wisdom of calm' is to plan, and resolve to labour for, the comfort and beauty of a home such as, if we could obtain it, we would quit no more. Not a compartment of a model lodging-house, not the number so-and-so of Paradise Row; but a cottage all of our own, with its little garden, its pleasant view, its surrounding fields, its neighbouring stream, its healthy air and clean kitchen, parlours, and bedrooms. Less than this no man should be content with for his nest; more than this few should seek."¹²

¹⁰ *Familiar Letters of Sir Walter Scott* (Houghton Mifflin, 1894) i, 243.

¹¹ Ruskin's *Works*, xvii, 105. (The references to Ruskin in this paper are uniformly to E. T. Cook's and Alexander Wedderburn's Library Edition.)

¹² Ruskin's *Works*, xxii, 263.

Yet there are resemblances, also, which occur to one without too great reflection. There are coincidences in the lives of the two men. Ruskin's parents were grandchildren of one John Ruskin, of Edinburgh. Both they and he spent much time in Scotland. Frederick Harrison says of Ruskin: "He talked with a lowland accent, and his dominant tone of mind was a mysterious amalgam of John Knox, Carlyle, and Walter Scott."¹³ By the time Ruskin was twenty-one he had suffered three serious illnesses, and one must marvel at the great body of work he produced when one considers the number of times his labors were completely interrupted by brain-storm or other affliction. All this recalls Scott's early lameness, and the degree to which gout, stomach complaint, and incipient apoplexy disturbed his work in later years. The amount of writing done by both men was tremendous. Scott's work has been roughly outlined and seen to be large in bulk, and one remembers as readily that Ruskin was the author of more than eighty distinct works upon a great variety of subjects. Both men were able to work under great tension and nervous strain.

One of the pleasant things to remember about Ruskin is his theory regarding the relation which should exist between master and servant, and the added fact that this theory was made a working principle of his life, so that the domestics in his household were completely devoted to him. It is interesting, also, to learn that a similar theory and practice were found with Scott. His servants were his staunchest friends in the time of his financial losses. The following passage from Lockhart will illustrate. When he visited Abbotsford in 1827, the butler, he says—

"instead of being the easy chief of a large establishment, was now doing half the work of the house, at probably half his former wages. Old Peter, who had been for five-and-twenty years a dignified coachman, was now ploughman in ordinary, only putting his horses to the carriage upon high and rare occasions; and so on with all the rest that remained of the ancient train. And all, to my view, seemed happier than they had ever been before. Their good conduct had given every one of them a new elevation in his own mind—

¹³ Harrison: *John Ruskin*, p. 4.

and yet their demeanour had gained, in place of losing, in simple humility of observance. . . . All this warm and respectful solicitude must have had a precious soothing influence on the mind of Scott, who may be said to have lived upon love. No man cared less about popular admiration and applause; but for the least chill on the affection of any near and dear to him he had the sensitiveness of a maiden."¹⁴

Scott and Ruskin expressed similar ideas about the things of ultimate value in the world. Scott's may be illustrated from remarks recorded by Lockhart from a conversation which the novelist had with Maria Edgeworth in Ireland. Lockhart had just said something to the effect that many poets and novelists seemed to regard life and the world merely as material for art.

"A soft and pensive shade came over Scott's face as he said—'I fear you have some very young ideas in your head:—are you not too apt to measure things by some reference to literature—to disbelieve that anybody can be worth much care who has no knowledge of that sort of thing, or taste for it? God help us! what a poor world this would be if that were the true doctrine! I have read books enough, and observed and conversed with enough of eminent and splendidly cultivated minds, too, in my time; but, I assure you, I have heard higher sentiments from the lips of poor *uneducated* men and women, when exerting the spirit of severe yet gentle heroism under difficulties and afflictions, or speaking their simple thoughts as to circumstances in the lot of friends and neighbours, than I ever yet met with out of the pages of the Bible. We shall never learn to feel and respect our real calling and destiny, unless we have taught ourselves to consider everything as moonshine, compared with the education of the heart.'"¹⁵

Akin to this idea are words by Ruskin upon education, in *Fors Clavigera*:—

"It is taken for granted, that any education must be good; that the more of it we get, the better; that bad education means only little education; and that the worst thing we have to fear is getting none. Alas, that is not at all so.

¹⁴Lockhart: *Life of Walter Scott*, v, 151.

¹⁵*Ibid.*, iv, 294.

Getting no education is by no means the worst thing that can happen to us. One of the pleasantest friends I ever had in my life was a Savoyard guide, who could only read with difficulty, and write scarcely intelligibly, and by great effort. He knew no language but his own—no science, except as much practical agriculture as served him to till his fields. But he was, without exception, one of the happiest persons, and on the whole, one of the best, I have ever known."¹⁶

But Ruskin's own testimony as to his kinship with Scott is best. In the appendix to *Fors Clavigera* one may find the following passage:—

"I should not venture to say anything to you of Scott, or of any other great man, unless I knew myself to be in closer sympathy with them than you can generally be yourselves; but observe, in claiming this sympathy I do not claim the least approach to any equality of power. I had sympathy with Tintoret, with Scott, with Turner, with Carlyle—as a child with its father or mother, not as friend with friend. What they feel, I, in a feeble and inferior way, feel also; what they are, I can tell you, because in a poor and weak way I am like them—of their race—but no match for them. It has curiously happened to me also to have been educated in many particulars under the same conditions as Scott, and often in the same places. My father was a high school lad of Edinburgh; the first picture I ever saw with conscious eyes was of Edinburgh Castle; the earliest patriotic delight I can remember, in my life, distinctly, is the delight of crossing the Tweed into Scotland; and I was educated—to all intents and purposes—by my Puritan mother and aunt, first by thorough training in the Bible, and secondly by being let loose into Homer and Scott."¹⁷

Ruskin was, then, in many ways, exactly the kind of man to be attracted by Scott. He could no more remember when he did not know the *Waverley Novels* than when he did not know the Bible.¹⁸ He translated half *The Monastery* into jingling rhyme when he was ten years old. This early acquaintance with Scott is pleasantly described in *Valle Crucis*:—

¹⁶ Ruskin's *Works*, xxvii, 60. ¹⁷ *Ibid.*, xxix, 539. ¹⁸ *Ibid.*, xxviii, 348.

"Among the circumstances of my early life which I count most helpful, and for which I look back with more than filial gratitude to my father's care, was his fixed habit of stopping with me, on his business journeys, patiently at any country inn that was near a castle, or an abbey, until I had seen all the pictures in the castle, and explored, as he always found me willing to do, all the nooks of the cloister. In these more romantic expeditions, aided and inspired by Scott, and never weary of re-reading the stories of *The Monastery*, *The Abbot*, and *The Antiquary*, I took an interest more deep than an ordinary child; and received impressions which guided and solemnized the whole subsequent tenor of my life."¹⁹

Numerous references in his letters of mature years show that Scott's fascination for Ruskin was a life-long one and that he never ceased to read him. Indeed, he declared that it was one of the griefs of his old age that he knew Scott by heart.²⁰ Ruskin's collection of manuscripts by Sir Walter Scott was the content of his library of which he was perhaps most proud. He bids his dearest friends "take their Scott from the inner shelf in their heart's library which all true Scotsmen give him."²¹ He would like all girls whatever to bathe in Scott daily, as a sort of ever-rolling, ever-freshening sea.²² A young student belonging to the working classes had *Waverley* recommended to him by Ruskin as appropriate reading, with careful directions for its perusal.²³ Ruskin felt that the best in his own manner of writing was learned from Byron and Scott.²⁴

He is even envious of Sir Walter at times. For example, he writes in *Fors Clavigera*:—

"Sir Walter Scott's life, in the full strength of it at Ashes-tiel, and early at Abbotsford, with his literary work done by ten, or at latest twelve in the morning; and the rest of of the day spent in useful work with Tom Purdie in his woods, is a model of wise moral management of mind and body, for men of true literary power; but I had neither the country training of body, nor have the natural strength of brain, which can reach this ideal in anywise. Sir Walter

¹⁹ *Ibid.*, xxxiii, 227.

²⁰ *Ibid.*, xxxiv, 606.

²¹ *Ibid.*, xxv, 296.

²² *Ibid.*, xxxvii, 493.

²³ *Ibid.*, xxviii, 495.

²⁴ *Ibid.*, xxxiv, 606.

wrote as a stream flows; but I do all my brain-work like a wrung sponge, and am tired out, and good for nothing, after it. Sir Walter was in the open air, farm-bred, and playing with lambs, while I was a poor little Cockney wretch, playing in a dark London nursery, with a bunch of keys."²⁵

Eight closely printed pages, with double columns, in the General Index of Cook's and Wedderburn's large Library Edition of Ruskin's works are taken up with references to Scott. Four of these refer exclusively to the novels. Scott's life, personality, poetry, and prose are examined. The longest continuous discussions are found in *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, where Scott is analyzed as a model for fair fiction, and in *Fors Clavigera*, where Ruskin writes a fragmentary life of Scott.

One soon learns, in using Ruskin's critical judgments, to read many or all which he has written on the point in question, if his true idea is to be found. Apparent contradictions are sometimes reconciled in this way, and isolated enthusiastic superlatives tempered. Accordingly, out of Ruskin's hundreds of references to Scott, only those which are most significant and typical, and which represent most clearly his final judgment of Scott, are here selected.

Perhaps Ruskin's whole theory of the proper kind of fiction to be written can be suggested by a passage in *Fiction, Fair and Foul*:—

"The monotony of life, in the central streets of any great modern city, but especially in those of London, where every emotion intended to be derived by men from the sight of nature, or the sense of art, is forbidden forever, leaves the craving of the heart for a sincere, yet changeful, interest, to be fed from one source only. Under natural conditions the degree of mental excitement necessary to bodily health is provided by the course of the seasons, and the various skill and fortune of agriculture. In the country every morning of the year brings with it a new aspect of springing or fading nature; a new duty to be fulfilled upon earth, and a new promise or warning in heaven. No day is without its innocent hope, its special prudence, its kindly gift, and its sublime danger; and in every process of wise husbandry,

²⁵ *Ibid.*, xxviii, 644.

and in every effort of contending or remedial courage, the wholesome passions, pride, and bodily power of the labourer are excited and exerted in happiest unison. The companionship of domestic, the care of serviceable, animals, soften and enlarge his life with lowly charities, and discipline him in familiar wisdoms and unboastful fortitudes; while the divine laws of seed-time, which cannot be recalled, harvest which cannot be hastened, and winter in which no man can work, compel the impatiences and coveting of his heart into labour too submissive to be anxious, and rest too sweet to be wanton. What thought can enough comprehend the contrast between such life, and that in streets where summer and winter are only alternations of heat and cold; where snow never fell white, nor sunshine clear; where the ground is only a pavement, and the sky no more than the glass roof of an arcade; where the utmost power of a storm is to choke the gutters, and the finest magic of spring, to change mud into dust; where—chief and most fatal difference in state—there is no interest of occupation for any of the inhabitants but the routine of counter or desk within doors, and the effort to pass each other without collision outside; so that from morning to evening the only possible variation of the monotony of the hours, and lightening of the penalty of existence, must be some kind of mischief, limited, unless by more than ordinary godsend of fatality, to the fall of a horse or the slitting of a pocket."²⁶

Too much of the literature of England, in Ruskin's judgment, is of a kind only to accentuate the bitterness of this crowded city life, and to reveal the squalor of its streets. It is a literature of gloom, dwelling on the sins and sorrows of mankind. "Prison-house literature,"²⁷ Ruskin dubs it. Dickens is filled with gross caricatures,²⁸ with unsightly deformities,²⁹ with exaggerations which are baneful to all good influence,³⁰ with violent death scenes,³¹ and with morbidity.³² George Eliot makes her novels "end so wretchedly that they're worse than none".³³ Her *Mill on the Floss* is a "vile story"³⁴ and its characters are "sweepings

²⁶ *Ibid.*, xxxiv, 270.

²⁷ *Ibid.*, xxxiv, 276, 278.

²⁸ *Ibid.*, xvii, 31 n.

²⁹ *Ibid.*, xxxiv, 278 n, 279 n.

³⁰ *Ibid.*, xxxvii, 7.

³¹ *Ibid.*, xxxiv, 274, 275 n.

³² *Ibid.*, xxxiv, 271, 277.

³³ *Ibid.*, xxvii, 538.

³⁴ *Ibid.*, xxxiv, 559.

out of a Pentonville omnibus".³⁵ In alluding to books appropriate for children's reading, Ruskin says: "Of all writers whatsoever of any people or language, I should most strictly forbid Thackeray."³⁶ "Carlyle's mind fixed anxiously on the future, . . . saw and felt from his earliest childhood nothing but the faultfulness and gloom of the Present."³⁷ All, for one reason or another, fail to satisfy. But Scott's "story-telling and singing were all in the joyful admiration of that past with which he could re-people the scenery he gave the working part of his day to traverse, and all the sensibility of his soul to love."³⁸ Scott's world is a sunny one in which happiness and health prevail. It is also a sternly moral world. "Scott always punishes even error", says Ruskin, "how much more fault, to the uttermost."³⁹ "His ideal of honour in men and women is inbred, indisputable; fresh as the air of his mountains; firm as their rocks."⁴⁰

In his most enthusiastic moments, Ruskin accords Scott praise so high that it would be difficult to surpass it. His life is spoken of as "beyond comparison the greatest intellectual force manifested in Europe since Shakespeare."⁴¹

"His conception of purity in woman is even higher than Dante's; his reverence for the filial relation, as deep as Virgil's; his sympathy universal;—there is no rank or condition of men of which he has not shown the loveliest aspect; his code of moral principles is entirely defined, yet taught with a reserved subtlety like Nature's own, so that none but the most earnest readers perceive the intention; and his opinions on all practical subjects are final; the consummate decisions of accurate and inevitable common-sense, tempered by the most graceful kindness."⁴² "In Pindar, Homer, Virgil, Dante, and Scott, the colossal powers of imagination result in absolute virginal purity of thought."⁴³ Until Scott there was "no such apprehensive love of all 'sorts and conditions of men', not in the soul merely, but in the flesh."⁴⁴ "Scott is beautifully just in his awards of misfortunes and success,

³⁵ *Ibid.*, xxxiv, 377.

³⁶ *Ibid.*, xxxiv, 588.

³⁷ *Ibid.*, xxxiv, 546.

³⁸ *Ibid.*, xxxv, 545.

³⁹ *Ibid.*, xxix, 464.

⁴⁰ *Ibid.*, xxvii, 563.

⁴¹ *Ibid.*, xxix, 457.

⁴² *Ibid.*, xxvii, 563.

⁴³ *Ibid.*, xxvii, 630.

⁴⁴ *Ibid.*, xxxv, 115.

and throughout all his works there is no instance of any evil happening to any character which has not been incurred by his own fault or folly. Again, all our good feelings are brought into play; no one ever envies the hero of a romance; selfishness is put entirely out of the question; we feel as if we were the air, or the wind, or the light, or the heaven, or some omnipresent, invisible thing that has no interests of its own. We become, for the time, spirits altogether benevolent, altogether just, hating vice, loving virtue, weeping over the crime, exulting in the just conduct, lamenting the misfortune, rejoicing in the welfare of others."⁴⁵ Scott's "literally *Scotch* novels", Ruskin says, are "whatever the modern world may think of them, as faultless, throughout, as human work can be; and eternal examples of the ineffable art which is taught by the loveliest nature to her truest children."⁴⁶

Yet one must not be misled by these words of superlative praise into supposing that Ruskin's attitude toward Scott is one of pure hero worship. In a number of places he classifies and grades Scott's novels, and one needs to know that his highest praise is granted only to those novels which to him are best. Of the inferior ones a very different sort of thing is said. The fullest classification occurs in *Fiction, Fair and Foul*. Ruskin observes that, barring the first half-volume of *Waverley*, Scott's great works of prose fiction were all written within twelve years, 1814 to 1826 (between the ages of forty-three and fifty-five), the actual time employed in their composition being not more than two months out of each year; and during that time only the morning hours and spare minutes of the professional day.⁴⁷ He omits from his count at the outset⁴⁸ the two minor and ill-finished sketches of *The Black Dwarf* and *The Legend of Montrose*, as well as the unhappy *St. Ronan's Well*. This leaves as Scott's memorable romances, eighteen, falling into three distinct groups of six each. "The first group is distinguished from the other two by characters of strength and felicity which never more appeared after Scott was struck down by the terrific illness in 1819."⁴⁸ It includes *Waverley*, *Guy Mannering*, *The Anti-*

⁴⁵ *Ibid.*, i, 365.

⁴⁶ *Ibid.*, xxxv, 547.

⁴⁷ *Ibid.*, xxxiv, 287.

⁴⁸ *Ibid.*, xxxiv, 288.

quary, *Rob Roy*, *Old Mortality*, and *The Heart of Midlothian*." The second group, composed in the three years subsequent to illness all but fatal, bear every one of them more or less the seal of it.⁴⁹ This group comprises *The Bride of Lammermoor*, *Ivanhoe*, *The Monastery*, *The Abbot*, *Kenilworth*, and *The Pirate*. "Prevailing melancholy and fantastic improbability" are the two essential characteristics in these which reveal broken health.⁵⁰ "The last series contains two quite noble ones, *Redgauntlet* and *Nigel*; two of very high value, *Durward* and *Woodstock*; the slovenly and diffuse *Peperil*, written for the trade; the sickly *Tales of the Crusaders*, and the entirely broken and diseased *St. Ronan's Well*."⁵¹

This last novel Ruskin throws out of count altogether, and of the others mentioned accepts only the first four as sound work, so that the list upon which he proposes to examine Scott's methods and ideal standards reduces itself to the following twelve: *Waverley*, *Guy Mannering*, *The Antiquary*, *Rob Roy*, *Old Mortality*, *The Heart of Midlothian*, *The Monastery*, *The Abbot*, *Redgauntlet*, *The Fortunes of Nigel*, *Quentin Durward*, and *Woodstock*.⁵² He alludes once to *Waverley* as Scott's greatest novel,⁵³ but usually assigns this honor to *The Heart of Midlothian*.⁵⁴ A collection of all passages shows that Ruskin considers the worst novels the following: *Anne of Geierstein*, *The Black Dwarf*, *Castle Dangerous*, *Count Robert of Paris*, *The Fair Maid of Perth*, *The Legend of Montrose*, and *St. Ronan's Well*.

Scott has been much criticised as one who produced too much and who composed too rapidly. This same ease of composition is to Ruskin an added evidence of genius. He declares:—

"If a great thing can be done at all, it can be done easily. But it is that kind of ease with which a tree blossoms after long years of gathered strength, and all Scott's great writings were the recreations of a mind confirmed in dutiful labour, and rich with organic gathering of boundless resource."⁵⁵

⁴⁹ *Ibid.*, xxxiv, 290.

⁵⁰ *Ibid.*, xxxiv, 292.

⁵¹ *Ibid.*, xxvii, 578.

⁵² *Ibid.*, xxix, 267, 456.

⁵³ *Ibid.*, xxxiv, 288.

And again:—

"Another very important, though not infallible, test of greatness is, as we have often said, the appearance of Ease with which the thing is done. It may be that, as with Dante and Leonardo, the finish given to the work effaces the evidence of ease; but where the ease is manifest, as in Scott, Turner, and Tintoret, and the thing done is very noble, it is a strong reason for placing the men above those who confessedly work with great pains. Scott writing his chapter or two before breakfast—not retouching; Turner finishing a whole drawing in a forenoon before he goes out to shoot (provided always the chapter and drawing be good), are instantly to be set above men who confessedly have spent a day over the work, and think the hours well spent if it has been a little mended between sunrise and sunset." ⁵⁴

The portion of *Modern Painters* from which this last extract is taken is engaged in presenting evidence that Scott is the great representative of the age in literature. Ruskin advances this idea with the realization that it may offend some who are great admirers of Wordsworth, Tennyson, Balzac, or Goethe. The first test of a really great man, in Ruskin's estimation, is his humility. This characteristic he finds preëminently present in Scott and Turner, Scott talking not about the dignity of literature, nor Turner about the dignity of painting. "They do their work, feeling that they cannot well help it; the story must be told, and the effect put down; and if people like it, well and good; and if not, the world will not be much the worse." ⁵⁵ There is an absence of affectation in the work of both men. The praiseworthiness of all this Ruskin summarizes by saying: "The greatest thing a human soul ever does in this world is to *see* something, and to tell what it *saw* in a plain way. . . . To see clearly is poetry, prophecy, and religion,—all in one." ⁵⁶

Ruskin believes, also, that Scott reveals the typical faults of his age. The most startling of these is faithlessness, and Scott, its greatest man, is faithless. ⁵⁷ "Nothing is more notable, or sorrowful in Scott's mind than its incapacity of steady belief in

⁵⁴*Ibid.*, v, 333.

⁵⁵*Ibid.*, v, 332.

⁵⁶*Ibid.*, v, 333.

anything."⁵⁷ Again, another notable weakness of the age is its habit of "looking back, in a romantic and passionate idleness, to the past ages, not understanding them all the while, nor really desiring to understand them."⁵⁷ In the same way, Scott—

"gives up nearly the half of his intellectual power to a fond, yet purposeless, dreaming over the past, and spends his literary labours in endeavours to revive it, not in reality, but on the stage of fiction; endeavours which were the best of the kind that modernism made, but still successful only so far as Scott put, under the old armour, the everlasting human nature which he knew; and totally unsuccessful, so far as concerned the painting of the armour itself, which he knew *not*. The excellence of Scott's work is precisely in proportion to the degree in which it is sketched from present nature. His familiar life is inimitable; his quiet scenes of introductory conversation, as the beginning of *Rob Roy* and *Redgauntlet*, and all his living Scotch characters, mean or noble, from Andrew Fairservice to Jeanie Deans, are simply right and can never be bettered. But his romance and antiquarianism, his knighthood and monkery, are all false, and he knows them to be false; does not care to make them earnest; enjoys them for their strangeness, but laughs at his own antiquarianism, all through his own third novel—with exquisite modesty indeed, but with total misunderstanding of the function of an Antiquary."⁵⁷

His age mingles reverence and irreverence, levity and melancholy, and Scott is—

"light, careless, unearnest, and yet eminently sorrowful. Throughout all his work there is no evidence of any purpose but to while away the hour. His life had no other object than the pleasure of the instant, and the establishment of a family name. All his thoughts were, in their outcome and end, less than nothing, and vanity."⁵⁸

Ruskin assigns high praise to Scott as a writer of history. For example, he says: "I refer to Scott, now and always, for historical illustration, because he is far and away the best writer of history we have."⁵⁹ Scott is the great historical symbolist, and the beauty of Protestantism is finely portrayed in

⁵⁷ *Ibid.*, v, 336.

⁵⁸ *Ibid.*, v, 338.

⁵⁹ *Ibid.*, xxxiii, 506 n.

Jeanie Deans, the prototype of truth."⁶⁰ "He gave", says Ruskin,—

"in the stories of *Waverley*, *Rob Roy*, *Old Mortality*, *Redgauntlet*, *Nigel*, *Peveril*, and *The Abbot*, a series of realizations which are, respecting their several periods, the best historical painting yet done in Europe."⁶¹ "It has been impossible, hitherto, to make the modern reader understand the vastness of Scott's true historical knowledge, underneath its romantic colouring, nor the concentration of it in the production of his eternally great poems and romances."⁶² "There have been only two real historians (to my thinking) since Herodotus—Shakespeare and Walter Scott. Neither are [*sic*] entirely to be trusted as to dates, or even material facts. Even Thucydides is only a chronicler, a useful sort of person, but not an historian. But once understand Shakespeare's *Cæsar*, Henry the Fifth, and John of Gaunt; once understand Scott's *Marmion*, King James, *Coeur de Lion*, *Saladin*, and *Robin Hood*, and after that you may read the chronicles of the great ages, and see your way into them for yourself, and learn here and there a thing or two, which Shakespeare indeed knew, but didn't think it wise to talk of, and which Scott wouldn't know, and always looked the other way when he passed the door."⁶³

Ruskin discusses a number of other characteristics of Scott which may be quickly passed over. He seeks to show that Scott's use of the supernatural is always best when he admits it freely and does not attempt to explain it.⁶⁴ He analyzes the effect which Scott's native countryside had upon his genius.⁶⁵ He traces the influence which his legal knowledge had in the *dénouement* of his stories and in the delineation of his characters.⁶⁶ He discusses his treatment of love, finds his women more constant than his men, and notes that love is not always the paramount issue in Scott.⁶⁷ He investigates his dialect and discusses it at some length.⁶⁸ His sympathetic treatment of nature is observed,⁶⁹ although this receives most illustrations from the poems. Ruskin praises Scott for his fidelity of obser-

⁶⁰ *Ibid.*, xxxiii, 506.

⁶¹ *Ibid.*, xxxiii, 229.

⁶² *Ibid.*, xxxv, 546.

⁶³ *Ibid.*, xxiv, 432.

⁶⁴ *Ibid.*, xxix, 455.

⁶⁵ *Ibid.*, i, 259; xxxiv, 331.

⁶⁶ *Ibid.*, xxvii, 586-588.

⁶⁷ *Ibid.*, xxxiv, 284.

⁶⁸ *Ibid.*, xxxiv, 297.

⁶⁹ *Ibid.*, i, 258; v, 340.

vation, and is fond of commending his Gainsborough touch and of likening him to Turner. His attitude toward Catholics,⁷⁰ Presbyterians,⁷¹ and Covenanters⁷² receives mention. Enough has been said and quoted, however, to convey an idea of Ruskin's estimate of Scott, and it is time to attempt an evaluation of these critical judgments.

It need not be pointed out that these ideas concerning Scott, as they have been presented, involve inconsistencies. Yet it must not be forgotten that the extracts have been culled from various sources and placed in juxtaposition here. In some cases, Ruskin's chief object was to discuss Scott's work; in others, Scott is mentioned only as illustration of some other point. The lapse of years, too, should enter in as a corrective to one's criticism of Ruskin. It is known that he changed his mind upon other subjects; his attitude toward Scott may have been a developing and a changing one. Ruskin's habit of mind must constantly be remembered also. He never writes idly, and seldom without enthusiasm. At one time, his thoughts may be wholly occupied with literature moral or healthful in tone, and all other considerations fall for the moment into abeyance. At another time, it may be the correct attitude toward nature which is the all-absorbing topic of interest to Ruskin, and Scott is drawn upon to corroborate this second idea. Thus it is that his detached critical statements upon Scott may appear incomplete or even untrue at times and may often cohere badly when grouped together. One must not forget either the nature of his emotions or the occasions of his writing. I have said that he never wrote idly. More than this, he wrote with terrible earnestness as his years advanced. His was oftentimes the note of the Hebrew prophet, predicting woe to the people of his generation if they reformed not. He had the courage, in his single person, to defy the whole nation and the world. At times, in ecstatic mood, he highly exalts those who seem to him to have followed the true light, and as bitterly denounces others who are heretical to the system of truth which he has evolved. His writing does not smell of the ink-pot, nor does it savor

⁷⁰ *Ibid.*, xxxiii, 228. ⁷¹ *Ibid.*, xxvii, 564; xxxiii, 228. ⁷² *Ibid.*, xxxv, 64 n.

always of the deliberation of the critical and philosophical mind. It is rather as if the words of a high-minded and passionately eloquent orator were caught suddenly in air and immortalized in print. He delights in elaborating systems which are presented as complete and above reproach or danger of error. All these things must be borne in mind when one wishes to use Ruskin as a critic. Yet this explanation cannot explain away all inconsistencies, nor enable us unqualifiedly to accept all his opinions concerning Scott.

How could one, for example, who was "wholly light, careless and unearnest", and without any other object in life than the "pleasure of the instant", create an ideal of womanhood "higher than that of Dante's"? It will be recalled that Scott, with his stories of the golden past, was set up against Carlyle, who dwelt in the present, as a model; yet elsewhere Scott is branded as being always artificial when he goes back of the actual scenes and events with which he is familiar. Ruskin's praise of Scott's fine historical insight recurs to us here. To be sure, it is, in a way, a difference in emphasis. In one instance, it is the purity of Scott's women which is uppermost in his thoughts; in the other, he is eager to make clear that Scott shares the characteristic faults of his age. But the inconsistency remains.

Equally difficult is it to justify in detail some of Ruskin's warmest encomiums of Scott. That the latter's ideal of womanhood is higher than Dante's is as impossible as it is untrue. There are many lovely ladies in Scott's stories, but they are fashioned of flesh and blood and belong to this world. His Scotch novels are declared to be "as faultless throughout as human work can be". This is fulsome praise, before which Shakespeare himself must be found wanting. Let it be applied to one of the six novels which Ruskin ranks highest. *Waverley* heads the list. This first story is more discursive and rambling than other of his novels which were produced later, when he had learned his craft better. One enjoys the kaleidoscopic adventures of the hero, but cannot honestly maintain for them an Aristotelian degree of probability and reality. Scott says himself that he composed it so rapidly that the last two volumes were written in two weeks. He explains that he let the interest

flag in the first volume on purpose because he wished to avoid the typical error of most novelists, who make their first volume best.⁷³ The hero Scott calls a "sneaking piece of imbecility",⁷⁴ and many feel likewise. The book does not reveal consummate artistry. It is thrown together hastily; its parts are not well articulated; it does not possess wholeness, singleness, and unity of plot. I am allowing myself to forget, for the moment, the delightful features of the story, together with the reasons which render its advent significant in the evolution of English literature, and am relentlessly testing Ruskin's judgment.

A good way to introduce the subject of Scott's shortcomings is to read his own confession of them in the introductions of *The Abbot* and *The Fortunes of Nigel*. In the second book, in the conversation between the author of *Waverley* and the mythical Captain Clutterbuck, the former remarks:—

"Believe me, I have not been fool enough to neglect ordinary precautions. I have repeatedly laid down my future work to scale, divided it into volumes and chapters, and endeavoured to construct a story which I meant should evolve itself gradually and strikingly, maintain suspense, and stimulate curiosity; and which, finally, should terminate in a striking catastrophe. But I think there is a demon who seats himself on the feather of my pen when I begin to write, and leads it astray from the purpose. Characters expand under my hand; incidents are multiplied; the story lingers, while the materials increase; my regular mansion turns out a Gothic anomaly, and the work is closed long before I have attained the point I proposed. . . . When I light on such a character as Bailie Jarvie, or Dalgetty, my imagination brightens, and my conception becomes clearer at every step which I take in his company, although it leads me many a weary mile away from the regular road, and forces me to leap hedge and ditch to get back into the route again. If I resist the temptation, as you advise me, my thoughts become prosy, flat, and dull; I write painfully to myself, and under a consciousness of flagging which makes me flag still more; the sunshine with which fancy had invested the incidents departs from them, and leaves everything dull and gloomy. I am no more the same author

⁷³ Lockhart: *Life of Walter Scott*, ii, 333.

⁷⁴ *Ibid.*, ii, 334.

I was in my better mood, than the dog in a wheel, condemned to go round and round for hours, is like the same dog merrily chasing his own tail, and gambolling in all the frolic of unrestrained freedom. In short, sir, on such occasions, I think I am bewitched."

Scott has become his own judge here. He never wholly frees himself from the faults of diffuseness and discursiveness, which lead to tediousness. He admits that his endings are "huddled up."⁷⁵ These faults are sufficient to invalidate Ruskin's contention that his best works are "eternal examples of ineffable art".

Ruskin has written eloquently concerning ease of composition as a criterion of greatness. "No great composition was ever produced", he writes, "by composing, nor by arranging chapters and dividing volumes; but only with the same heavenly involuntariness in which a bird builds her nest."⁷⁶ One is able to recognize the partial truth of this theory and to admit that Scott was able in later years to avail himself readily of the great store of knowledge which he had gathered in early life. But Dante's great poem made him "lean for many years", and he was greater than either Scott or Ruskin. It is surely true that both these later men would have risen higher had they attempted less and perfected this smaller amount of work. Their qualities of mind are alike in this regard, and Ruskin's faculties are dulled to the faults of Scott which are so like his own. The intemperate amount of work which Ruskin allowed himself to attempt in his mature years not only brought on brain-storm, but almost revealed a chronic state of mental unbalance. Scott's literary labors, as everyone knows, were but a small part of his whole occupation. He was a busy man of affairs, and prided himself more apparently on being an opulent landed gentleman than as the author of the *Waverley Novels*. Both men were inaccurate and careless; both were guilty of misquoting; both lack finish and leave loose ends in their works. Scott confessed to Lockhart that he "never learned grammar".⁷⁷ His writing, as well as that of Ruskin, reveals many infelicities, and neither could be

⁷⁵ "Introductory Epistle" (*The Abbot*). ⁷⁶ Ruskin's *Works*, xxix, 265.

⁷⁷ *The Journal of Sir Walter Scott* (ed. 1890), i, 181.

taken as a safe model in composition for a schoolboy. This state of things was almost inevitable under the conditions which they accepted as they wrote. It is a fine thing to write as a bird sings, but even the throat of a bird would become less tuneful, perhaps, were its tiny stomach surfeited.

Graded categories of literary productions are somewhat dangerous, and different critics are almost certain to vary in detail in their judgments. Ruskin delights in analysis and classification, and his opinions are always uttered with the conviction of direct inspiration. His classification of the *Waverley Novels* may be examined with more respect, however, when it is realized that it was made by one thoroughly familiar with Scott, one who had derived unceasing inspiration from him. His theory of disease as the terminating factor of Scott's deterioration is interesting, and there seems little doubt that his later works did "smack of the apoplexy". Yet, as Cook, Ruskin's editor, notes, the theory that Scott's perfect novels were all produced during unclouded days and before physical suffering had come upon him breaks down at a crucial point when brought to the test of dates. Ruskin gives 1819 as the year of Scott's "terrific illness", but Lockhart testifies that his serious break in health began in 1817.⁷⁸ This was the year before the publication of *Rob Roy* and *The Heart of Midlothian*, so that both these books were composed through recurrent fits of acute bodily pain, yet find their place in the list of Scott's best works. "Lightly and airily as it [*Rob Roy*] reads", says Lockhart, "the author has struggled almost throughout with the pains of cramp or the lassitude of opium."⁷⁹ This illustrates the danger of categorical declarations of this sort, and the frequent carelessness of Ruskin's statements. It is easy to see that the classification is based upon Ruskin's favorite idea of the sanity of tone appropriate for the highest type of fiction, and that other technical considerations are passed over here. *Woodstock* and *Quentin Durward*, in both of which the mechanism of Scott's narrative is more successful than in some others, are placed in the third category by Ruskin.

⁷⁸ Lockhart: *Life of Walter Scott*, iii, 99.

⁷⁹ *Ibid.*, iii, 147.

One feels, too, that as Scott is not wholly good, so Dickens, George Eliot, and Thackeray are not wholly bad. Dickens's rogues' gallery contains many marks of genius, and, whatever be the danger of the type, his novels themselves did not always prove deleterious. George Eliot's characters show a depth and richness which are perhaps not found in any of Scott's. Again, one fancies that he could find more destructive and baneful literature than that produced by Thackeray. Ruskin is wedded to a single idea here, and makes sweeping condemnations. Other references to the same writers show that he regards them as not wholly without merit. His depreciation here is of the same sort as that in which he underrates Wordsworth to exalt Byron.

In *Fiction, Fair and Foul*,⁸⁰ Ruskin gives six conditions of greatness necessary to perfect style, which have won the respect of critics. He applies them in the first place to poetry, but it will not be uninteresting to apply them to prose, and it will furnish an interesting final test of Ruskin's contention that Scott is, in certain works, a flawless artist, to measure these novels by his own critical canon. The six tests are familiar, and are as follows: (1) Absolute command over all passion, however intense; (2) choice of the fewest and simplest words that can be found in the compass of the language to express the thing meant; (3) perfectly emphatic and clear utterance of the chosen words; (4) absolute spontaneity in doing all this, easily and necessarily as the heart beats; (5) melody in the words, changeable with their passion, fitted to it exactly, and the utmost of which the language is capable; (6) utmost spiritual contents in the words.

Scott at his best *does* control his passion. Jeanie Deans has fine reserve and poise; the sorrow of Saunders Mucklebackit over the death of his son is told simply and does not give offence. Similarly, the deaths in *Old Mortality* are delicately managed. But there is sufficient melodrama in Scott, and absence too often of really deep passion to be restrained to make us hesitate to cite him as a supreme example of the chaste yet passionate artist who is always filled with the deepest emotion under perfect control. The previous comments upon Scott's defects in

⁸⁰ Ruskin's *Works*, xxxiv, 335.

prosody may be applied here as evidence that he fell below the three tests which have to do with the technique of great writing. Ruskin would probably cite perfect spontaneity as a gift of Scott's, but the novelist himself confessed, as we have seen, that his inspiration was not ceaseless and that his spontaneity was impaired by defects. Ruskin declared once, as already pointed out, that, "throughout all Scott's writing there is no evidence of any purpose but to while away the hour". Scott's own testimony is better in the introductory epistle to *The Fortunes of Nigel*, when he says:—

"Grant . . . that I should write with sense and spirit a few scenes, unlaboured and loosely put together, but which had sufficient interest in them to amuse in one corner the pain of body; in another to relieve anxiety of mind; in a third place, to unwrinkle a brow bent with the furrows of daily toil; in another to fill the place of bad thoughts, or to suggest better; in yet another, to induce an idler to study the history of his own country; in all, save where the perusal interrupted the discharge of serious duties, to furnish harmless amusement,—might not the author of such a work, however inartificially executed, plead for his errors and negligences the excuse of the slave, who, about to be punished for having spread the false report of a victory, saved himself by exclaiming: 'Am I to blame, O Athenians, who have given you one happy day?'"

Yet neither this purpose nor its result in the *Waverley Novels* would lead one to assign "the utmost spiritual contents" to his words.

I would not convey the impression, however, that I regard Scott as a poor writer, or Ruskin as an unthinking enthusiast in his criticism. He would be a strange man indeed who would not rejoice that Scott, while rummaging in the confusion of that old desk-drawer at Abbotsford, happened by chance upon the unfinished and long neglected manuscript of *Waverley* and decided to complete it. Unappreciative would he be also, should he fail to recognize that Ruskin's love of Scott and his writing about him are of value.

One needs to know Ruskin's habits of mind, accordingly, in order to be able to correct some of the latter's errors in judg-

ment, if he is to be used wisely as a critic; but he should realize also that Ruskin is sensitive, stimulating, and not infrequently discerning, and that, in the present instance, the object of his criticism is a worthy, although not an infallible, one. It is said of Scott that he lacked scholarly authority in his translations, but that he seemed to divine, by a sort of instinct, something at least of the spirit of the piece he sought to convert into his own language. Again, as an editor, he is spoken of as lacking in scientific and textual knowledge, but possessed of an appreciation of the literature before him. So, too, as an historian, he makes palpable errors, but does revivify the past and does make it graphically present to later generations. In the same way, Ruskin says many unwise and untrue things of Scott, but he does discern the best in him and emphasizes that with eloquence, and the success with which he performs this latter service helps to render us tolerant toward his other mistakes. Ruskin is a preacher and would be a prophet. He is speaking of tendencies when he seeks to appraise Scott's novels. No one of us would wish to combat the contention that a nation should cultivate a literature of health, not one of sickness. Shakespeare is better for all ages of the world than Ibsen; Scott than Hardy.

Ruskin's ideal of fair fiction as akin to a Greek vase is pleasant to contemplate: "Planned rigorously, rounded smoothly, balanced symmetrically, handled handily, lipped softly",⁸¹ it must be. Nor is our pleasure dissipated as we pass down from this ideal to Scott's novels. They satisfy a variety of moods. If one wishes to whet his imagination to realize the spirit of chivalric times, *Ivanhoe* is not a bad book to read. If the desire be for exciting adventure of other days, *Quentin Durward* will always find its readers. If it be Scotland, her people and her ways, which is sought, one would seriously err not to read Scott. We are apt to forget how large a number of his novels have to do with Scotland. Twenty-two out of thirty-two novels and stories have their scenes laid wholly or in part in Scotland; and of those left over, three—*The Fortunes of Nigel*, *Quentin Durward*, and *The Talisman*—have Scotsmen for their leading characters. Finally, if

⁸¹ *Ibid.*, xxxiv, 370.

we are honest, we shall acknowledge hours spent far from unhappily in the perusal of such stories as *Anne of Geierstein*, *The Pirate*, or *The Highland Widow*, to which books no one gives first place among Scott's work.

Even Carlyle, whose strictures upon Scott are famous, could say of his work:—

"It is the perfection of extemporaneous writing. . . . No fresher paintings of Nature can be found than Scott's; hardly anywhere a wider sympathy with man. From Davie Deans to Richard Coeur-de-Lion; from Meg Merrilies to Die Vernon and Queen Elizabeth! It is the utterance of a man of open soul; of a brave, large, free-seeing man, who has a true brotherhood with all men."⁸²

Although Scott, then, is neither ineffable nor infallible, he is unusual and highly interesting, and we shall think kindly of him as we leave him. A good way to secure this feeling is to look again at the *man* who wrote the novels. A glance into his journal at the time of his adversity will serve:—

"Something in my breast tells me my evil genius will not overwhelm me if I stand by myself.⁸³ . . . I feel neither dishonoured nor broken down by the bad—now really bad news I have received. . . . I will not yield without a fight for it. . . . In prosperous times I have sometimes felt my fancy and powers of language flag, but adversity is to me at least a tonic and bracer; the fountain is awakened from its inmost recesses, as if the spirit of affliction had troubled it in its passage.⁸⁴ . . . But I will involve no friend, either rich or poor. My own right hand shall do it."⁸⁵

There are times, then, when one should make himself see, and see clearly, the ways in which Scott falls short of perfection. There are other times when one should sit down and read him "with happiness and elation". When the reader is in this latter mood, an excellent companion and guide will be found in John Ruskin.

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⁸² Carlyle: *Critical and Miscellaneous Essays* (ed. Sterling), iii, 453.

⁸³ *The Journal of Sir Walter Scott*, i, 86 (Jan. 20, 1826).

⁸⁴ *Ibid.*, i, 89 (Jan. 22, 1829).

⁸⁵ *Ibid.*, i, 90.

THE PAPACY IN THE ENGLISH CHURCH

There are five popular fallacies to be dismissed at the outset. The first of these is that the English Church was founded by Henry VIII.

The English Church was founded by Augustine, a Roman monk sent over by Pope Gregory I, in 597; and its organization was established by Theodore of Tarsus, consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury and sent over to England by the Pope in 668. The essential principles were never changed and its integrity and continuity have never been lost.

The second fallacy is that the English Church is a continuation of the ancient British Church.

This fallacy regards the church as a church of the land and not of the people. The connection between the British and the English socially, politically or ecclesiastically is not apparent. There was none.

Then comes the fallacy that the papacy and the English Church are two distinct and separate institutions, whose relations to each other have something foreign and antagonistic.

The English Church was, from the beginning, an integral part of the one Christian Church of the West, at whose head was the Bishop of Rome, whose ecclesiastical supremacy, as Pope of the whole Western Church, was unimpaired in England, and supported and strenuously upheld by the English Church, without doubt or question, until renounced by Henry VIII in 1534.

The fourth fallacy is that the first article of Magna Carta freed the English Church from papal domination.

Its intention and effect was to free the English Church from royal interference in its rights and liberties, especially freedom of elections, being a reissue of the first article of the Charter of Henry I in 1100 and of that of Henry II in 1154.

The last fallacy is that the English Church was strictly, solely and entirely a national Church before the Reformation, having an independent origin, constitution and government, although at times encroached upon by a foreign, *i.e.*, papal power.

National individuality, not national autonomy, made a national

Church in the Middle Ages. The Church in England is the English Church; but, at the same time, it is a part of the great Apostolic Roman Church of the West, recognizing the same General Councils, the same form of worship and doctrine, the same literary customs and usages, with one common head and centre in the Pope.

In order to minimize the importance and the effect of the changes wrought in the constitution of the English Church by Henry VIII and Elizabeth, it has long been the custom of writers of English history to underestimate or even to deny the papal headship and authority in England before the Reformation; to emphasize and even to exaggerate the opposition to papal authority; indeed, to consider the Papacy and the English Church as two distinct and separate institutions whose relations to each other are regarded, at various times and in various phases, as more or less intimate or separate or dependent and subordinate; and also to seek to find the origin of the English Church in the British Church. These attitudes lead to much misunderstanding, and to many and serious historical inaccuracies, in the effort to prove, as these writers desire, the theory of the continuity of the English Church through the great and momentous changes wrought by the Reformation in England and the ecclesiastical acts and decrees of Henry and Elizabeth. This theory was desirable at the time as a matter of policy, so as to avoid as far as possible the appearance of innovation, and to draw all classes imperceptibly into the new order. The doctrine, having served its purpose in the struggle with the followers of the old faith, was utilized in the conflict with the Presbyterians, in order to strengthen the position of episcopacy, which was represented as the legal form of government continued from pre-reformation times and rendered venerable by antiquity. Even at present this doctrine of unbroken continuity, independent of and antagonistic to the papacy, although political reasons for maintaining it have long since ceased to have weight, meets with the most general acceptance. Ignoring the merely popular writers, I present passages from the works of three recognized and well-established scholars and historians. The first of these

occurs in *England and Rome*, by Dr. T. Dunbar Ingram, a London barrister:—

“There is no fact in our history more certain than that from the earliest period of our monarchy, our kings exercised a large supremacy over the external regimen and adjuncts of the Church, differing *in no respects* from that which Henry enjoyed.”¹

Yet Makower, a Berlin barrister, in his *Constitutional History of the Church of England*, declares:—

“The real changes which ensued [from the Reformation] relate almost exclusively to the connection of the national Church with the Pope; they consist in the complete abolition of all papal authority in England, and in the transference of almost all rights of government previously exercised by the Pope, to the English Sovereign.”²

And this statement is historically accurate.

In Wakeman's *History of the Church of England* we read: “There never was in any true sense of the word, a papal church in England”. If not, then there was never any papal church anywhere, except in Italy. Indeed, there was never anything else in England, for after 700 A.D. no other Church was known in Europe. “But”, he continues,—

“for nine hundred years there had been planted in England the Catholic Church of Christ, over which during the last four hundred years the popes had gradually acquired certain administrative rights.”³

This is just what they did everywhere, for the increasing power of the popes in England does not make a subserviency to the papacy peculiar to England, but the increasing assertion and exercise of papal power are a part of the history of the papacy throughout Europe.

Bishop Creighton tells us in his *Historical Lectures and Addresses*:—

“There never was a time in England when the papal authority was not resented, and, really, the final act of the repudiation of that authority followed quite naturally as the

¹ P. vii.

² P. 176.

³ P. 220.

result of a long series of similar acts which had taken place from the earliest times."⁴

Upon this statement Gairdner, who quotes it in his *Lollardy and the Reformation in England*, comments as follows:—

"I am sorry to differ from so able, conscientious and learned an historian, and my difficulty in contradicting him is increased by the consciousness that in these passages he expresses not his own opinion merely, but one to which Protestant writers have been generally predisposed. But can such statements be justified? Was there anything like a general dislike of the Roman jurisdiction in Church matters before Roman jurisdiction was abolished by Parliament to please Henry VIII? Or did the nation, before that day, believe that it would be more independent if the Pope's jurisdiction were replaced by the King's? I fail, I must say, to see any evidence of such a feeling in the copious correspondence of the twenty years preceding. It would be difficult to infer anything like a general desire for the abolition of his [papal] authority in England. That Rome exercised her spiritual power by the willing obedience of Englishmen in general, and that they regarded it as a really wholesome power, even for the control it had exercised over secular tyranny, is a fact which requires no very intimate knowledge of early English literature to bring home to us. Who was 'the holy blisful martyr' whom Chaucer's pilgrims went to seek at Canterbury? One who had resisted his sovereign in the attempt to interfere with the claims of the papal church. The struggle between papal and secular authority was a contest, not of the English people, but of the King and his government with Rome, and even they did not deny the papal headship of the church."⁵

We may add, still less was it a struggle between English Churchmen and the Pope. The instances of even the slightest indifference, not to say opposition to the claims of the Pope at any time in English history from the archbishopric of Augustine to that of Cranmer, might be counted on the fingers of one hand without using the thumb.

The latest *Manual of English Church History* is by W. M. Patterson, of Oxford, published in London in 1909. Patterson says:—

⁴P. 150.

⁵Vol I, p. 3.

"There was a theory, popular some little time ago and backed by the authority of great names, which maintained that the Church of England during the Middle Ages was, relatively speaking, an antipapal church. But this theory in the light of fuller (and we may add less prejudiced) investigation must be altogether discarded. The mediæval Church of England was *papalissima*. And Professor Maitland has shown, in his work on Canon Law, that any provincial canon of the English Church, if contrary to a canon of the Universal Church, was, *ipso facto*, in the English Ecclesiastical Courts, regarded as void. The attempts by Acts of Provisors and *Præmunire* to limit the papal power, were acts, not of the English Church, but of the English State, taken in defiance of the accredited organs of the Church—that is, the Convocations of Canterbury and York and the parliamentary bench of bishops. The mediæval Church of England was assuredly not national in the sense of antipapal."⁶

What is meant by the phrase National Church? If it means confined to, and comprehended by, the nation, and governed solely and exclusively by the authority of the nation, it is false and misleading before 1534 A.D. In this sense the National Church of England did begin with Henry VIII. If it means that part of the Church which is in union with other parts of the Church and under the authority of the whole Church, or of any large independent portion, and yet at the same time includes the people of a single nation, and has the lower and subordinate parts of its organization within the limits of a single nation, partaking of the spirit and characteristics and acknowledging the authority of that nation, then we may speak of it as a National Church. There can be no doubt that the organized Christianity of England was an integral part of the organized Christianity of the West, which, even before the existence of Christianity in England, had become unified under the Papacy, *i. e.*, in the papal Church. As a matter of fact, the English Church existed in a unified organized institution before the English nation so existed, but it was organized as an acknowledged integral part of the Western or Roman Church, with the papacy as its head and centre.

We may speak of the Western or Latin or Roman Church as the corporate Church of Western Europe, but it was never a confederation of National Churches. The English Church, even

⁶P. 176.

in Anglo-Saxon times, was not merely the organized Christianity of England, but was an organic part of a much larger organization. The exact limits of its relation or subordination to the organized Christianity of the rest of Europe were possibly disputable, but the fact of incorporation with it, under the Papacy, was admitted on all sides and at all times. If the Christian organization in England differed from, or was separate from and independent of, the organized Christianity of the West, we might speak of it as a National Church, but this is just what it was not. If a National Church is the Church accepted, authorized, supported and maintained by the nation, there can be no doubt that the English Church, with its Archbishops of Canterbury and of York wearing the papal pallium and acknowledging the supremacy of the Pope, was the National Church of England.

We may find a few instances of opposition to certain decisions or decrees of a Pope, but these were not based on a refusal to recognize papal supremacy and authority, but were due to the belief that that authority had been misapplied or exceeded. It must be remembered that although the principle and foundation of the papacy was that Rome was the See of St. Peter, the chief of the Apostles, commissioned by Christ, receiving from him the authority which St. Peter passed on to his successors, the Bishops of Rome, yet the actual powers claimed, and, above all, exercised under that commission, varied at different times, under different circumstances and in different popes; but there is *no instance* in the Western Church where that principle was disputed or denied by King or Bishop until the Reformation.

As the papacy grew, it grew not apart from but in the whole Western Church, and, whatever resistance might be made to some of its demands, the principles of its authority were never questioned, and it early became an integral part of the consciousness and experience of the entire Western Church. Opposition to this growing power of the papacy and to the consequent widespreading, unified organization of the Church, is found among civil rulers, but rarely among ecclesiastical officials. Why? Partly, it is true, on account of the encroachments of the ecclesiastical upon the civil power; partly because of the foreign, extra-national character of the Church under the pap-

acy; and partly because that very characteristic was a bulwark and a defence for the Church against the State, and protected the Church from exploitation by the State. That is the real meaning of the first article of Magna Carta. There could be no real opposition on the part of the Church, not only on account of the positive advantages accruing to the Church from the papacy—which was its own creation—as a guarantee of unity and orthodoxy, and as a means of growth and of strength, but also because the papal supremacy had become an article of faith as firmly fixed as the belief in Apostolic Succession, indeed had come to be the Apostolic Succession. Take, for example, the declaration of Beda, the struggle between Anselm and Henry I and between Thomas Becket and Henry II—a struggle not between the English Church and the papacy, but between the State and the Church, revealing in each case the backing of authority with which Rome strengthened the English Church. The only cases of opposition to papal authority on the part of Churchmen of which I know, were that of Theodore in the case of Wilfrid; that of Dunstan in the case of the divorced noble; that of Lanfranc in the interest of William the Conqueror (yet Hildebrand in the first year told him that he was astounded at his audacity in neglecting papal orders); and that of Stephen Langton when Innocent III was upholding John's perfidy and the breach of his oath in relation to Magna Carta. There is no Hincmar in English history. It was Henry the King, not the Archbishop of Canterbury, who threw off the papal authority in 1534, and himself assumed that power in taking the title and office of Supreme Head of the Church.

The papacy is of historical origin, by ecclesiastical, not by divine, right. It was not a violation of divine law to break the bonds of the Holy Roman Empire and let the nations of Europe emerge into national integrity and independence. Nor was it more of a violation to break the bonds of a corrupt and enslaving papacy and let the national churches breathe the pure air of a free and autonomous Christianity in the State. Henry VIII did not reform the English Church, still less was he the founder of the English Church. He did suppress the monasteries—the papal army in England—and confiscate their property, and he

did abolish all papal power in England. If the papacy was an integral, but not an essential, part of the English Church, then Henry VIII changed its character, but did not destroy its identity. As Wakeman has well said:—

“There is one theory, and one theory only, on which the Church of England can be said to have fallen from the Catholic faith in her repudiation of the authority of the Pope. It is the modern ultramontane theory of the papacy which looks upon the Pope as the source—*i. e.*, the only source—of all true ecclesiastical authority. No archbishop or bishop has, according to this theory, rightful jurisdiction unless he exercises it under the direction of the Pope. It is obvious that if this theory is true, the Church of England, which proceeded avowedly on the exactly opposite theory, must fall. But this theory is one which was unknown in the primitive ages, and was unrecognized by the undivided Church.”⁷

The papacy, or at any rate the power claimed and exercised by the popes, was a growth, and it grew in England in the same way that it grew in every other part of the Western Church. For the Western Church was practically, and increasingly, papal, that is, organized and centralized in relation to Rome, and more and more it effectually acknowledged the authority of the Bishop of Rome as the head and governor of the organization.

The gradual growth and exercise of the papal power form an important element in this study. During the early part of the Anglo-Saxon period that power was slowly rising to the height which it attained during the three popes succeeding the break-up of the Carolingian Empire—858 to 882; then came a period of sharp decline and great demoralization, lasting, with only one brief interval of reform, until Henry III, the Emperor of the newly founded Holy Roman Empire, called the Synod of Sutri, in 1046, to straighten out papal affairs, soon after which began the era of Hildebrandine reform. This era of greatly increasing power, politically as well as ecclesiastically, beginning about the time of the Norman Conquest, reached its height in Innocent III—1198 to 1216—just at the time of the reign of John and the signing of Magna Carta in England. The papacy retained its power throughout the thirteenth century, during the reign of Henry III and of

⁷ *Op. cit.*, p. 221.

Edward I, and reached the climax of its claims in Boniface VIII—1294 to 1303; then began its fall, although it still retained its ecclesiastical supremacy and much of its political power.

The period of the French exile—1309 to 1378—was followed by the long schism from 1378 to 1417, when two complete rival papal establishments, one at Rome and the other at Avignon, anathematized each other and competed for the support of the Christian nations of Europe. France and Scotland upheld the French Pope, while England and Germany acknowledged their allegiance to the Italian papacy, once more established in Rome.

The three Reforming Councils of the early part of the fifteenth century brought about the unity of the papacy and restored in some measure its earlier greatness and power, but the outrageous immorality and indecency of the three popes from 1471 to 1503, followed by the warlike greed of Julius II and the Christianized heathenism and refined intellectual sensualism of Leo X, left the papacy helpless and defenceless before the profound piety and deep Christian spirit of Luther; then the papacy fell, its moral power dissipated and evaporated, its political power overthrown, and its ecclesiastical power shattered.

It will conduce to clearness and will help us to understand the real basis and extent of the exercise of the papal power in England, if we sum up briefly the historical evidences of the recognition of papal supremacy in the English Church.

(1) Roman origin of the Church in England and its unbroken continuity from that origin.

(2) Complete and close unity with the rest of the Christian Church of the West, under the headship of Rome and the papal supremacy of the Bishop of Rome.

(3) The regular and invariable reception of the Pallium from the Pope, by the Archbishop of Canterbury (usually going to Rome for it, unless relieved by special dispensation), from the time of Augustine, the first Archbishop, to Cranmer, the last who received the customary bulls of Rome and took the regular oath of allegiance to the Pope in order to guarantee his valid consecration to the See of Canterbury.⁸

⁸ We read in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, 995: "Abp. Ælfric went to Rome for the pall and returned to do all the Pope commanded him."

(4) The long list of appeals to the Roman Curia from the English Church, the papal Decretals in answer to them being received with even more reverence and with greater frequency in England than in either France or Germany. Even after the Constitutions of Clarendon, which Henry II attempted to impose upon the Church in 1164, the general right to make appeals in certain cases, especially in ecclesiastical cases, even without the King's license, was no longer disputed.

(5) The Papal Legates form as important a part of English Church history as of any branch of the Church in other countries. During the Anglo-Saxon period, indeed, these legations were less frequent than in the later history (although even here there are six or eight recorded by the chroniclers), mainly because there seemed to be less need of them and because they were only beginning to become a part of the papal machinery of ecclesiastical administration. As a matter of fact, they were sent sometimes at the King's express desire, and sometimes, for other causes, without consulting the King. It has been said that Guido, Archbishop of Vienna, who, in 1100, came to England with legatine powers, was not acknowledged there, but Eadmer, who records the fact in his *Historia Novorum in Anglia*, adds that it was not because he was a papal legate but because only the Archbishop of Canterbury bore the apostolic authority as *legatus natus*. In the year 1126 William, Archbishop of Canterbury, took the position of a papal legate, his successors for the most part filling the same office, and from the thirteenth century they received the same position as soon as their election was recognized at Rome. Even before 1126 the Archbishops of Canterbury claimed the position of papal legates, and after that date the distinction between the authority which they exercised in their own archiepiscopal right, and that which they derived from the Pope as his legate was gradually effaced. From the middle of the fourteenth century, and in several cases before that time, the archbishops of York also were almost always papal legates.

(6) Papal Bulls. In most continental countries, from the end of the thirteenth century, it came to be the rule that the validity of measures consequent on papal decrees depended on their approval by the civil power. But this was a measure of

defence by the civil power, not an assertion by the Church of any independence of, or resistance to, the papal power.

(7) The acceptance in the English Church of the decrees of General Councils, and of the body of canons, as approved and formulated at Rome. It used to be maintained that the English Church in its convocations felt itself free to pick and choose among the canons of the Western Church, that is, to choose one and reject another; that in the English ecclesiastical courts the law administered was simply those canons which had been accepted by the English Church. This view must now be discarded. Professor Maitland has shown that an undue proportion of the canon law was formed from papal rescripts, delivered in answer to cases, real or imaginary, which were referred from England to the Pope, and that any provincial canon of the English Church, if contrary to a canon of the Universal Church, was, *ipso facto*, regarded as void in the English ecclesiastical courts. In the sphere of jurisprudence the Pope was regarded as the source of ecclesiastical law and its supreme interpreter; in all matters pertaining to the Church, including wills and marriages, the papal jurisdiction was supreme, except in so far as the operation of the ecclesiastical law was impeded by the law of the land. William's ordinance of 1070 A.D., withdrawing from the secular courts all ecclesiastical cases, leaving all such to the ecclesiastical authorities, admitted the validity of canon law, and recognized to that extent an independent and ecclesiastical power which formed a firm basis for the Church in all future contentions with the State.

(8) In the sphere of taxation, the Pope received from England Peter's Pence, instituted perhaps in the eighth century, as a tax of one penny on each hearth, later commuted to an annual tribute of 201 pounds and nine shillings, which continued to be paid up to the Reformation; and also King John's tribute of 1,000 marks yearly, paid up to 1333 and abolished only in 1366. Besides, there were fees payable in papal courts, *annates* or first year's income, provisors and other fees from bishoprics and benefices, and sometimes voluntary or assessed grants from the clergy as a whole. In the opposition to King Edward's attempt to tax the clergy for his French wars in 1296, after

Boniface's Bull '*Clericis laicos*', the Pope and with him the English clergy adhered to the view that papal consent was requisite for every tax upon church property.

(9) The papal appointments to bishoprics began early, although made usually under some pretext, *e. g.*, the death of the previous Bishop in Rome. A decree of Clement IV in 1266 claimed '*plenaria dispositio*' of all bishoprics and benefices throughout the whole Church, and in the fourteenth century direct appointment of bishops became common. After the passing of the Statute of Provisors, first in 1351 but frequently reënacted, this large exercise of power was held in check, although the statute was often nullified by collusion between King and Pope, sometimes at the King's own request, in order to escape the opposition of the Cathedral Chapter. Most appointments after the fourteenth century were made conjointly, Pope and King appointing the same person, while the rights of the Chapters were reduced to a mere shadow. In spite of statutes the Pope still retained, in practice, the power of providing to some of the lower benefices, prebends and others.

(10) The elevation of the Bishopric of York to the rank and title of an Archbishopric in 735, Egbert being the first Bishop of York to receive the Pallium and bulls from the Pope constituting him an Archbishop, testified to the necessity of papal action in every important development of the English Church.

The Council of Clovesho in 747 received letters from Pope Zachariah exhorting the clergy to amend their lives. Papal legates at the Council of Chelsea in 787 brought the constitutions and canons from Rome, and privileges conferred by the Roman See on certain English Churches were ordered to be observed.

The Pope had to be consulted and his authorization secured for the elevation of Lichfield into an archbishopric. This was done at the expense of Canterbury, the Archbishop being forced by Hadrian I to relinquish the Mercian and East Anglican portions of his province to form the new Archiepiscopal See, and this action was confirmed at the Council of Chelsea, on which occasion Offa promised an annual tribute to Rome, the probable origin of Peter's Pence, or Rome-scot. English Bishops

took part in the Council of Frankfort in 794, which finally freed Rome from Constantinople and definitely affirmed the independent establishment of the Church of the West under the headship of the Bishop of Rome. By the Bull of Leo III at the Council of Clovesho in 803, the Archbishopric of Lichfield was abolished and the province restored to Canterbury. The missionary activity of Boniface and the oath by which he bound himself and the English Missions in Germany to the Papal See, are an illustration of the allegiance in England, in the eighth century, to the papal power.

We may conclude in the words of Makower:—

“From the end of the twelfth century at latest, down to the Reformation, no claim was ever made by any King or in any resolution of Parliament, that England was, in purely ecclesiastical matters, independent of the Pope. Such a contention would have been in too striking conflict with the actual circumstances of the case. Many of the resolutions frequently adduced as instances of such resolutions of independence, prove what they are not cited to prove, for they confine the independence claimed to temporal or royal rights; in others, this limitation is to be supplied, as being, beyond all doubt, intended. All these resolutions are merely in repudiation of papal pretensions to decide in questions of patronage, to enjoy Suzerainty, and to exercise powers deduced therefrom.”⁹

As a matter of fact, the rule in England was divided between the Pope and the King. So Bracton, who wrote the great work, *On the Laws of England*, in the middle of the thirteenth century, clearly states:—

“As the Lord Pope has ordinary jurisdiction over all in spiritual things; so has the King in his realm ordinary jurisprudence in temporal affairs.”¹⁰

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⁹ *Op cit.*, p. 251.

¹⁰ Book v, chapter xv, section 2.

RESERVE

I've written;—but what ached to be expressed
Lies where it lay, untold. I may not reach
His mind through that hard barrier, unconfessed
Between us, made more adamant by speech;
Yet we are kindred—not alone in blood,
But in affinity of mind and mood.

I think that running water is a bliss
To his imagination, as to mine;
I know the poets he would sadliest miss,
The music that exalts his soul, like wine.
Our wildest hopes, our passions are the same;—
We praise together and together blame.

Yet, if our eyes encounter,— how they start
With a strange fear and bashfulness before
Each other's message! Hands oft fall apart
Awkwardly from their pressure, shamed and sore,
Because the tenderness of heart beneath
Rebelligiously has broken through its sheath!

What fate has doomed us to this loneliness
That is not apathy, nor disesteem,
Nor self-absorption, nor suspicious sense
Each of the other? It is like some dream
Wherein we impotently lie, nor see
Nor question cause of our weird misery.

And oft to mask our pain, or to deceive
Ourselves, we say: "The Englishman is proud,
And does not 'wear his heart upon his sleeve
For daws to peck at', nor proclaim aloud
Soul-secrets." Then our eyes fall. Well we know
That isolation is supremest woe.

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THEOCRITUS AND A DAY IN ALEXANDRIA AT THE FESTIVAL OF ADONIS

The greatest of the autumnal bards of Greece, the last genuinely inspired one, was Theocritus, whose sweet and vigorous voice redeemed a whole literary age—the Alexandrian or Hellenistic—largely characterized by artificiality and convention.

Of his life we know but little, since dates and facts are wanting. His immortal poems, however, plainly tell us that he was born near the end of the fourth century B.C. in Syracuse, which Cicero long after called the "greatest of Greek cities, the fairest of cities" on whose fortunate dwellers, he said, the sun shone daily, no morning being so tempestuous that the sunlight did not finally break through the clouds. From his poems we also learn that he spent some time on the Ægean island of Cos, and that later, following the usual example of literary men of his age, he was attracted to Alexandria to enjoy for a season the patronage of Philadelphus, only later to return to his native city to grace the court of Hiero. His ill-success as a court poet does not surprise us when we read his servile panegyrics of these two princes, poems among the worst that he wrote, lifeless and forced when compared with the true gold of his pastoral lays. The end of his life, although involved in obscurity like the beginning, seems to have been passed among the hills and fields of Sicily, in close communion with the beautiful scenery which he loved so well. We can give him no more fitting epitaph than the one he wrote on his own Daphnis:—

"He went down the stream. The whirling wave closed
over the man the Muses loved, the man not hated by the
Nymphs."

We call the poems of Theocritus *idylls* and we expect them to be lyrical in form and content. But only a few are so, the majority being cast in dramatic form and written in dactylic hexameter verse. Sir Gilbert Murray has rendered the Greek word which we translate as idyll (*εἰδύλλιον*, the diminutive of *εἶδος*) as 'form' or 'style', which requires a qualifying epithet

like 'bucolic'—*i.e.*, 'cowherd' or 'goatherd' form or style. But if that be so it is difficult to explain why so distinctive an epithet is lost and the word idyll, with no specific significance, is left. It is better, perhaps, to follow Sir Richard Jebb in making the word mean merely a little picture in verse, a short poem with local coloring and pretty details. Only a few of the thirty poems which have come down to us under Theocritus's name are idylls in a truly pastoral sense. The entire list includes several epic or mythological pieces of exquisite charm and freshness, two occasional poems—one delightfully describing a country walk on Cos during the season of harvest, the other written to accompany the poet's gift of an ivory distaff to the wife of a friend—panegyrics in honor of princes and Dorian heroes, love poems, realistic studies of common life, and lyrics. In one of these last occurs a perfect formulation of the part that love should play in the lives of men, summed up as—

"A single nest built in a single tree,
Where no wild crawling thing shall ever crawl."

These idylls, then, being cabinet pictures of life, should affect us, as Symonds has said, like the beautiful Greek vases on which the painter has portrayed dramatic action in graceful forms, which are simply grouped and tell their story without any need of plot. Such "decorative pieces of art", if rightly considered, will dispel any possible complaint that the poet's shepherds and goatherds are over-refined for their rustic surroundings, or that his landscapes are not drawn from nature.

In his domain Theocritus has never had a rival. In him the old Greek spirit spoke out for the last time before the idyllic wreath was to crown with its Hellenic flowers the brow of the Roman Vergil. This popularity in modern times has never waned since the rebirth of Greek letters. Of the ten books printed before the time of Aldus only two were devoted to the poets, and those were Homer and Theocritus. Indeed, Sainte-Beuve coupled these two as the alpha and omega of Greek singers, or the supreme representatives of beauty in the whole range of Hellenic poetry. These idylls, the oldest and almost the only complete examples left to us from antiquity in the realm of pastoral music,

have been the models for almost all later poetry of the kind. Thus in the words of Sir Gilbert Murray: "One might say there is hardly anything beautiful in the pastoral poetry of the world which does not come from Theocritus." His poems are not conventional nor were they composed with any ulterior purpose, as were the *Eclogues* of Vergil. They are the natural reaction from the artificiality of court-life, which their author learned to hate, a revolt from the affectations of the town to the simple and pure delights of rural nature. In reading them we are irresistibly transferred to the atmosphere of the hills and valleys and coasts of Trinacria, the garden of perpetual summer.

The love-songs of the modern Greek peasants on the isles of the Aegean, still so redolent of Theocritean memories, sufficiently confute those critics who, ever since the days of the *Grand Monarque*, have called our poet artificial. When mock pastorals flourished at the court of France and were sung by "royal goatherds in silk and lace", and again later when that futile dispute about the respective merits of the ancients and moderns was raging on both sides of the Channel, it was fashionable to regard the rustics of Theocritus as over-sentimental and over-polite and to assume that the poet had introduced into their manners and speech his own sentiments or those of his town friends. Thus Fontenelle could not understand refinement in a peasant who wore a skin "stripped from the roughest of he-goats, with the smell of rennet clinging to it still". But these country singers are nevertheless real, even if their rude speech has been idealized. So much is due to the artistry of the poet, who has imparted some of his own taste and feeling to his actors and has given them speech beyond their station. If he had not done so we may be sure that we would never read Theocritus, nor, indeed, would his poems have survived. There is still enough of rustic coarseness left in some of them. In reading them we are certainly breathing the air and hearing the voice of Sicilian country life. The swain Corydon, the witty Battus, the betrayed girl Simaetha and her faithless lover Delphis, the old fisherman Asphalion, the garrulous Syracusan women faring forth upon the streets of Alexandria—all these are not the figments of poetic imagination, but real flesh and blood. The poet pictures their lives, their

thoughts, and adventures with simple though exquisite charm. Sometimes he is very realistic, at times even too much so. What could be truer to life than the dialogue between the two old fishermen who have awakened before dawn in their lowly cabin by the sea? One recounts to the other how he has just then dreamed that he has caught a golden fish and renounced his hard calling, only to be warned by his companion that he should get up and go to work, since golden fish do not fill an empty stomach. Of this bit of realism Andrew Lang has said:—

“There is nothing in Wordsworth more real, more full of the incommunicable sense of nature, rounding and softening the toilsome days of the aged poor. It is as true to nature as the statue of the naked fisherman of the Vatican.”

In reading it we can see the sand-dunes along the shore, the nets drying on the rocks, the lowly thatched cabin, the fishpoles by the door, and, beyond, the waves of the blue Mediterranean. If such a picture is not real enough, we have only to read the poet's description of a brutal boxing-match in the twenty-second *Idyll*, a description unsurpassed in all literature for its realism.

It is not necessary to be reminded that properly to enjoy these *Idylls* one should fare to the shore of Sicily, for only among the sights and sounds which the poet knew and loved can the secret of the charm of these exquisite lays be felt. There on the lower slopes of Etna, overlooking the sea, we should read them aloud, either seated on some grassy knoll among the tamarisks beneath the shade of oak or pine, or reclining, mayhap, on some bed of fragrant lentisk and new-stripped leaves of the vine, a “couch softer than sleep”—as the poet has the Milesians say. There we would hear the whispering of the foliage, the “music of water that is poured from the high face of the rock”, the chatter of the cicada, the song of lark and finch, the droning of bees, the moaning of doves and bleating of sheep, exactly as Theocritus was wont to do. If we climb higher amid the valleys and ridges bathed in the same Sicilian sunshine which still floods the poet's pages, the more lovely becomes the mingling of sea-life and pastoral—such a mingling as we see in the pretty legend of Galatea. For here as elsewhere pastoral life has changed but little since Theocritus

wandered over the woodlands and pastures sacred to the Muses, and watched the changing tints of sea and sky. The habits and occupations of the people are the same; far below us the same fisherfolk are drying their nets at even and around us the same peasants are tending their vines and ploughing their fields. The same herdsmen are there, and to-day, as of yore,—

“On the sward, at the cliff-top,
Lie strewn the white flocks.”

All around us we see, as did the poet, white villages and isolated farmsteads. In any one of yonder cottages, moss-grown and shaded by fig-trees and apricots, and redolent of violets and ferns, we may well imagine pretty Amaryllis dwelt and heard the piping and singing of her rustic lovers. Only the popular religion has changed, now a little less romantic, a little more fearsome. We no longer may sit “in face of Priapus and the fountain fairies”, nor sacrifice kids to Pan at noonday, nor milk and honey to the rustic Muse. The gods and the woodland sprites are gone, but the people are left, who still, as in antiquity, are actuated by the same desire to express in song their joys and sorrows.

Long before the poet's day there was bucolic poetry in Sicily—for the older shepherds used to sing and pipe in alternate strains for prizes. The Doric comedies of Epicharmus, of the first half of the fifth century B.C., which were surcharged with mimicry and impersonation, and the mimes or farces of Sophron of the second half of the same century, which reproduced detached situations without plots, had already dramatized scenes of real life, and some of these were rural. The type was even older, since it first appeared in the early sixth century in the choric poetry of Stesichorus, for it was he who first introduced into literature the legend of the beautiful shepherd, Daphnis, who pined away for love—the Daphnis also sung by Theocritus in his most famous *Idyll*. In the time of Theocritus the Sicilian peasant was fast becoming the agricultural slave of Rome, but even later, under the oppression of the infamous Verres, he still kept his love for music.

One of the most dramatic and vivid sketches we have of Theocritus is the famous fifteenth *Idyll*, the translation of which into prose is to follow. In it the poet gives us an amusing and in-

teresting picture of common life, describing the very mild adventures of two frivolous and loquacious Syracusan women of the middle class who are living in Alexandria and are attending the festival of Adonis at the palace of Ptolemy. It gives the poet an excellent opportunity to laud Queen Arsinoe and through her the Egyptian King.

Gorgo, paying a morning call, finds her friend Praxinoa at her home in the suburbs and asks her to accompany her to the palace. Before setting forth, the two indulge in a bit of friendly gossip, in the course of which they have a good deal to say against their absent husbands. While this is going on Praxinoa washes up, dons a new dress, her shawl and hat, and the two women, accompanied by their maids, sally forth. After sundry experiences in the crowded streets, they finally reach their destination, and the festival of Adonis is described along with a piece of badinage between the women and an angry stranger who is annoyed at their broad Doric accent. The account is interrupted by the dirge of Adonis, sung by a prima donna.

The sketch is very true to life, affording charming glimpses of the domestic cares and the street scenes of the third century B.C. It is quite as modern in tone as anything by Anstey or Ade. It has, indeed, been called a "leaf torn from the book of life". Andrew Lang has said of it:—

"Nothing could be more gay and natural than the chatter of these two women, which has no more changed in two thousand years than the songs of birds."

In fact, it is so modern in tone that it has been staged in Paris. It was composed some time after 266 B.C., and a scholiast tells us that it was based on the *Isthmiazusae*, a mime of Sophron in which the earlier poet described the visit of two women to the Isthmian games near Corinth. Indeed, the fragments of this lost piece, as well as the recently discovered third and fourth mimes of Herondas, strongly remind us of Theocritus's treatment. Such scenes, in which wives berate their husbands and mistresses their servants, appear to have been part of the stock in trade of those old Dorian farces made famous by Sophron. But Theocritus handled them more gracefully and less coarsely than did his predecessors.

This little sketch is a very successful bit of character-drawing and has elements of real beauty, although it may be admitted that it is a little too realistic to reach the usual artistic plane of the poet's genius. We have arranged the translation in the form of a farce, dividing it into three scenes.

A DAY IN ALEXANDRIA AT THE FESTIVAL OF ADONIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

GORGIO and PRAXINOA, two Syracusan women living in Alexandria.

EUNOA and EUTYCHIS, maids of Praxinoa and Gorgio respectively.

AN OLD WOMAN.

TWO STRANGERS, one good-natured, the other irate.

PROFESSIONAL SONGSTRESS.

SCENES:

I. The house of Praxinoa in the outskirts of Alexandria, Egypt.

II. Streets on the way to the Palace of Ptolemy.

III. A room in the Palace.

TIME:

Third century B.C., in the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus.

SCENE I.

(The house of Praxinoa in the outskirts of Alexandria.)

GORGIO [*knocking at Praxinoa's door*]: Is Praxinoa at home?

PRAXINOA [*coming to the door*]: My dear Gorgio! What a time since I have seen you. Yes, indeed I *am* at home. 'Tis a wonder that you have come even now. Eunoa, bring up a chair and place a cushion on it, too!

GORGIO: It will do very well as it is.

PRAXINOA: Please be seated.

GORGIO [*seating herself*]: Oh! this gadabout mania! I could scarcely get here alive, Praxinoa, through all this crowd and mass of carriages. Everywhere riding-boots and uniforms. And the road seemed endless; you live *such* a dreadful distance away.

PRAXINOA: Yes, that is just why that stupid husband of mine came here to the ends of the earth and rented this hole—for it isn't a house—that you and I might not be neighbors, just out of spite, the jealous brute, forever the same!

GORGIO [*who perceives that Praxinoa's little boy is listening in wonder*]: Don't say such things about your husband Dicon, my dear, when the child is present. Only see how he is staring at you. [*To the child*]: Never mind, Zopyrion, sweet child. She isn't talking about daddy.

PRAXINOA: By our lady Persephone, the child *does* understand.

GORGIO [*to the child*]: Dear daddy!

PRAXINOA: Well, that daddy of his went to market the other day (we're always saying the other day) to buy soda and dye, and he came back with—what do you think?—salt, the overgrown booby!

GORG0: Mine has just the same ways, that spendthrift Diocleides. Only yesterday he gave seven shillings for five fleeces—nothing but dog-skins and leather wallet pickings, mere rubbish and no end of trouble. But come, Praxinoa, put on your cloak and buckled shawl. Let's go to the palace of the King, wealthy Ptolemy, and see the festival of Adonis. I hear the queen has arranged something pretty fine.

PRAXINOA: Yes, wealthy people can have everything fine.

GORG0: And then you will have some gossip to talk about with your neighbors. [*Rising*]: Come, it is time to go.

PRAXINOA [*who cools her friend's ardor with bits of homely wisdom*]: Don't be in a hurry. Idle people are always having a holiday. [*To her maid, irritatedly*]: Say, you, Eunoo, take up the spinning and lay it down anywhere again, if you dare, you lazy thing! Suppose the cat *does* like to sleep on a soft bed! Come now, bestir yourself, and bring me some water at once. Just see the girl! I asked for water and she has brought me the soap! Never mind, give it to me. [*Eunoo then fetches water and pours it over her hands*]: Don't pour out so much, you wasteful girl! Now pour it out! You stupid thing, why are you wetting my dress? Stop now. I have washed myself to the gods' taste. Now where is the key to the big chest? Fetch it here! [*She unlocks the chest and takes out a dress, which she dons.*]

GORG0 [*eyeing the dress*]: Say, Praxinoa, that dress with its full folds becomes you wonderfully! Tell me, how much did it cost you?

PRAXINOA: Don't remind me of the price, Gorgo, for it cost over two pounds of hard cash. I gave my whole soul to the work, too.

GORG0: Well, it has turned out all you could wish for it.

PRAXINOA: Thanks for your flattering words. [*Again to Eunoo*]: Now bring my shawl and set my straw hat on becomingly. [*Turning to little Zopyrion, who asks to be taken along*]: No, I shan't take you along, child. Bogies, horse-bites! Well, cry as much as you like, but I'm not going to have you break your legs. [*To Gorgo*]: Now let's go! [*With a last word to the housemaid*]: Take the little fellow, Phrygia, and amuse him. Call in the dog and close the front door.

SCENE II.

(Streets on the way to the Palace of Ptolemy.)

PRAXINOA [*now at last on the street*]: Ye gods, what a crowd! How on earth shall we ever get through this nuisance? People are as thick and numberless as ants. Many good things you have done for us, King Ptolemy, since your father joined the immortals, for no longer do footpads assault the passer-by, creeping up behind in old Egyptian fashion—for such tricks those wicked men used to play, those birds of a feather, evil-minded jesters, all good-for-naughts.¹ [*To Gorgo*]: Dearest Gorgo, what will ever become of us? Look out, there are the King's war-horses! [*To one of the knights*]: My good fellow, don't trample on me. Gorgo, only see how that bay yonder has reared on his hind legs; just see how fiery he is. [*To Eunoo*]: Eunoo, you impudent girl, won't you keep out of the way? That horse will surely kill the man who is leading him. What a blessing I left my little one at home!

¹ Thus translating ἐπεισόι or ἐπειά, an unknown word.

GORG0: Never fear, Praxinoa. Now we're past them and they have all gone to their places.

PRAXINOA [*breathing a sigh of relief*]: Now I'm myself once more. Ever since I was a child I have been especially afraid of two things—horses and cold snakes—but let's hurry, a terrible crowd is pouring on us.

GORG0 [*who stops an old woman*]: Are you from the palace, mother?

OLD WOMAN: I am, my children.

GORG0: Is it easy to get in there?

OLD WOMAN: You know the Greeks got into Troy by trying, my pretty lady. By trying everything is finally accomplished. [*Exit old woman.*]

GORG0: The old crone has told her oracles and gone.

PRAXINOA: Yes, women know everything, even how Zeus came to marry Hera.

SCENE III.

(A room in the Palace.)

GORG0 [*as the two women approach the Palace*]: Look, Praxinoa, what a crowd there is around the doors.

PRAXINOA: Awful! Gorgo, give me your hand. And, Eunoa, you catch hold of Eutythis and keep close to her for fear you get lost. Now let's all go in together! Hold on tight, Eunoa! [*Her dress gets torn*]: Wretched me! my light summer dress is torn at last, Gorgo. [*To a passing stranger*]: By the gods, sir, if you would be blessed, mind not to tear my shawl!

FIRST STRANGER [*politely*]: I can hardly help it, lady, but nevertheless I'll try not to.

PRAXINOA: My, how dense the crowd is! They push just like a drove of pigs.

STRANGER [*helping her along*]: Have courage, madam, we are all safe now.

PRAXINOA: May you be safe next year and the year after, my dear sir, for protecting us. [*To Gorgo, as the stranger disappears in the crowd*]: What a good, kind gentleman! [*Sees Eunoa in a tight place*]: But Eunoa is getting squeezed. Come, you miserable girl, push your way in! [*Finally inside*]: Now we're all in, as the groom said when he had shut his bride in.

[*The room which they enter has a display of tapestries on which are wrought figures of men and animals representing scenes from the story of Aphrodite and Adonis. Adonis is also represented in effigy reclining on a silver couch in a temporary bower ornamented with birds and cupids modelled in confectionary.*]

GORG0 [*pointing to the tapestries*]: Praxinoa, only look there, see that embroidery, how light and elegant it is! One would say that they were the embroidered robes of the gods.

PRAXINOA: By our Lady Athena! what clever spinsters made them, and what artists traced these lifelike figures! How true to life they stand and move! They are living creatures, not woven patterns. What a clever thing is man! [*Then seeing the figure of Adonis on the couch*]: How beautiful Adonis is, as he lies there on that silver couch with the first down on his cheeks, thrice-beloved Adonis, who even on Acheron's banks is still loved.

[*Their prattle and particularly their broad Doric brogue annoy a testy bystander; strangely enough he berates them also in Doric Greek.*]

SECOND STRANGER: You wretched women, won't you stop cooing like turtle-doves? You'll wear me out with your eternal ā, ā, ās!

GORGO: Goodness me, where did the fellow come from? [*To the stranger*]: And what is it to you, sir, if we do chatter? Buy your slaves before you give them orders! Sir, do you think you can order Syracusan ladies about? I would have you understand that we are Corinthian ladies of as ancient descent as Bellerophon himself. That's why we speak Peloponnesian. I'd like to know if Dorians can't speak Doric!²

PRAXINOA [*coming to the help of Gorgo*]: Oh, Persephone, honey goddess! May we have no other master over us than the King. [*To the stranger*]: I'm not worrying that you're going to cut down my rations!³

GORGO: [*as the singer comes out on the stage preparatory to singing*]: 'Sh, Praxinoa! The Argive woman's daughter, the wonderful singer, is going to begin the song of Adonis. She is the same one who gained the prize last year for singing the dirge. I'm sure she's going to sing something fine. Look! She is already beginning her airs and attitudes!

THE DIRGE OF ADONIS

[*According to the legend, Adonis was permitted by Zeus to return each year to the upper world to console Aphrodite. The subject of the song is the festival in honor of his return. It lasted two days in midsummer, the first commemorating his reunion with Aphrodite, the second his return to Acheron.*]

"Oh Queen! thou who lovest Golgi, the Idalian groves and Eryx' steepes, oh, golden Aphrodite! behold the soft-footed Hours have brought Adonis back to thee once more after the space of a twelvemonth from the banks of ever-flowing Acheron; the lovely Hours who, though slowest of the immortals, are always yearned for as they come ever laden with gifts to mortal men. Oh Cyprian goddess, Dione's child! immortal hast thou made Berenice our Queen—thus the legend goes among men—by instilling in her mortal breast the elixir divine; and so, to please thee, O goddess of many names and temples fair, Berenice's daughter, queenly Arsinoë, lovely as Helen, honors thy Adonis with all on earth that is fair.

"Beside him now are gathered all the fruits of the seasons, all that the top-most branches bear; beside him are tender plants concealed in baskets of silver and golden vessels filled with Syrian myrrh; and beside him are all the varied confections which mortal women shape in moulds by mixing flowers of every kind with white flour—those varied shapes of sweet honey and liquid oil, in guise of the winged creatures of the air and the creeping things of the earth; and for him are also bowers verdant with the weight of soft dill; and cupids hover o'er, like young nightingales perched on lofty trees, fluttering from bough to bough in trial of wing.

"Oh ebony! oh gold! O ye eagles twain of white ivory wrought, bearing to Cronus's son his youthful cup-bearer! On these couches are purple cover-

² Syracuse was a Corinthian colony of Sicily and proud of its descent. The Syracusans despised the Alexandrians as upstarts.

³ An allusion to the fact that the daily rations of a slave were measured out and levelled off with a scraper; a mean bailiff would level it down so that the measure would be only partially filled.

lets 'softer than sleep'—as the Milesians would say, or those who tend flocks on the Samian isle. And here once again is shown a couch for lovely Adonis. There lies Cypris and beside her rosy-armed Adonis, her youthful bridegroom. Nor are his kisses rough, for the first golden down is still on his lips. Farewell, O Cyprian goddess! enjoy thy lover's embrace, and with the morning's dew we shall carry him forth to the waves that dash on the strand; with flowing hair and girdles loosed and with bosoms bare, we shall begin this, our clear-toned dirge.

"Thou alone of the demigods, dear Adonis, dost fare—as men say—to this world above and returnest again to the streams of Acheron. Neither did Agamemnon enjoy so great a boon, nor Ajax the wrathful hero, nor Hector, the eldest of Hecuba's many sons, nor Patroclus, nor Pyrrhus, who returned from Troy, nor yet those heroes of earlier time, the Lapiths, nor Deucalion's sons, nor Pelops' progeny, nor the Pelasgians, the pride of Argos. Be propitious now, dear Adonis, and be gracious till another year hath come. Dear to us hast thou come now, and whenever thou shalt return again, adored shalt thou be."

GORGON: Praxinoa, how clever the woman is! Happy is she to know so much, happy is she to sing so sweetly. [*Then suddenly bethinking herself of domestic cares*]: But, bless me, it's time to go! Diocleides hasn't had his dinner yet and he'll be as sour as vinegar! Don't go near *him* when he is hungry! [*With a last look at the sleeping Adonis*]: "So fare thee well, beloved Adonis, even as we may fare when thou comest yet again." [*Exeunt omnes.*]

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SOME EFFECTS OF THE GREAT WAR UPON FRANCE

Mr. Lloyd George, in his great speech on March 3rd, 1921, at the London Reparation Conference, impressively enumerated the damages suffered during the Great War by the invaded French provinces. He told of over 600,000 houses, public buildings and factories wholly or partly destroyed; of 4,800 miles of railways torn up; of 30,000 miles of roads more or less badly damaged; and of nearly 9,000,000 acres of ground needing reclamation. Nor did he fail to point out that this destruction, the equivalent of which in money the ordinary mind is incapable of grasping,¹ was only in part the result of the fortunes of war. It was largely the outcome of a policy long planned by the Pan-Germans, and cold-bloodedly carried out by them with the aid of the militarists, of devastation and pillage on a gigantic scale, so that French industrial life would be crippled for years to come and French competition with Germany thus rendered negligible. The blow was struck where France was most vulnerable, for the regions occupied and systematically despoiled produced three-fourths of France's coal and iron, respectively, not to mention other industries.

"Within a radius of fifty miles of Lille, one found three-fourths of France's skilled workmen for five industries, more than half for thirteen, and more than a third for twenty-three. Fecundity and the handing down of traditions and knowledge on the part of the artisans, and bold use of capital and credit on the part of the manufacturers made the North supreme in French industry."²

The first and greatest asset of a nation, however, is its men and women. War, which always requires the sacrifice of the best a nation can produce, took from France, whether in lives of soldiers on the battlefields, or in lives of civilians—men,

¹ France presented to the Reparations Commission an indemnity claim on Germany totalling 218,500,000,000 francs.

² H. A. Gibbons: *France and Ourselves*, pp. 198-199.

women, and children—in the war area, considerably over two million, mostly the pick of her population. The race strain was thereby impoverished for generations to come. In addition, the war, by enormously reducing the birth-rate, cut down the human harvest for the future. Finally, the economic usefulness of about half a million vigorous men has been impaired, wholly or in part, by wounds or disease. In short, France has been deprived of the services of about three million of her inhabitants.

One of the worst evils resulting from the war is that German militarism and its methods have stamped on French souls bitterness, fear and ineradicable distrust. Germany and France are economically interdependent, and in a sense the war has made France even more dependent on Germany, for the ruined districts cannot be rebuilt without Germany's aid. Obviously, then, France should seek a *rapprochement* with her hereditary enemy; she should forego a part of her claims for compensation; she should free Germany as rapidly as possible from her crushing burden of military occupation, and she should facilitate German trade with herself on the sound theory that only through exports, and not with gold, can Germany pay off the obligations imposed upon her. If French public opinion will have none of these things and has stood out stiffly against any modification of the rigorous terms imposed at Versailles, it is because Frenchmen are filled with loathing for *Kultur* and *Schrecklichkeit*. It is because they perceive in the educated and politically effective portion of the German people, at any rate, no consciousness of war guilt. And it is because they see that the Germans and their successive administrations are in permanent rebellion against the terms of the Peace Treaty, a rebellion which expresses itself, openly or covertly, in constant endeavors to evade accountability. This attitude, coupled with the fact that the Germans did not disarm completely according to the terms of Versailles,³ and are still striving to save their *cadres* and to conceal as much war material as possible, confirms the French in the belief that the only way to make the Germans execute

³The continual discoveries of the Allied Commission of Control admit not the slightest doubt on this much-controverted point.

the reparation clauses is by the use of force. Accordingly, another consequence of the war is seen in the immensity of France's military preparations. That the French, struggling against a sea of financial and economic troubles, should take their young men out of their workshops and factories and place them in barracks, and that, impoverished to the very verge of bankruptcy and neglecting their foreign creditors, they should persist in spending gigantic sums on military equipment of the most modern type has created elsewhere an unfavorable impression, and France has been accused of being militaristic. Granting that exception may be taken to the size of the army, we regard the accusation of militarism as unjust. Militarism refers less to the size of the army than to the position it occupies in the life and purposes of the State. If in a State civil authority is subordinated to military men, then there is militarism. This is not the case in France. If a government in its dealings with foreign States bases its cause on force and not on equity, again there is militarism. French diplomacy is not a threat of the mailed fist. France's armaments are the result, first, of well-grounded fear; and, second, of a deep-seated and sincere conviction that Germany will execute the stipulations of the Peace Treaty, and in particular pay the war indemnity on which France's recovery is dependent, only if she be compelled to do so by force.

The effects of the war upon France, however, were far from being wholly evil. In the first place, just as in England, the social democratization of France was hastened, and, as long as the war lasted, it put an end completely to the violent religious and class animosities which have agitated the country since the Revolution of 1789. At the beginning of the war, in his message of August 4th, 1914, the President, M. Poincaré, had appealed to all Frenchmen to close their ranks before the enemy in "Sacred Union". Never was an appeal better responded to. Take, for instance, the relations between Church and State. Feeling between government officials and the Roman Catholic clergy had been tense for many years, but particularly so since the separation of Church and State, in 1905, and the expulsion from France of the last of the religious teaching congregations. For it

was in the matter of education that the quarrel between State and Church had been especially bitter. M. Waldeck-Rousseau, the chief promoter of the Law of Separation, had, at the time, declared that the republic could not stand so long as one half of French youth was instructed in the Church schools to dislike the existing régime and to seek to overthrow it, while the other half was taught in State schools to honor and uphold it. French functionaries, from the president down, abstained from attending officially any Church ceremony, and French bishops, on their side, were equally conspicuous by their absence from all State functions. For many years, too, devout Roman Catholics, in the State civil service, or in the army and navy, rightly or wrongly had considered themselves discriminated against, while pious Frenchmen of all callings saw with pain not only the forced disappearance of the religious orders from the schools, but the exclusion of those devoted women, the nursing sisters, from the hospitals.

With the war all this was suddenly changed. The government could not help seeing that the vast body of the French clergy constituted a tremendous moral and social force. For the Roman Catholic Church adapts itself admirably to the psychological needs of the French. It seeks to develop in the faithful social actions and social virtues rather than individual perfection. It cares less for inward grace than for outward manifestations, or "good works", in the shape of almost daily attendance at one or another of its multiple rites, prayers or celebrations. It is, in the words of Bossuet, "above all, a social bond", and, as such, is an admirable corrective to those particularistic and centrifugal tendencies with which Frenchmen reproach themselves.⁴ When, therefore, the clergy came forward responding to the appeal of the president, the government, winking at any laws and decrees to the contrary, freely accepted the enormous moral and physical reinforcement which this great body of men could bring to the trenches, to the hospitals, to the workshops, and to the home, in the way of

⁴ Cf. Victor Girand: *La Civilisation française*, in *Revue des Deux Mondes*, p. 864, Dec. 15, 1916.

fortifying and inspiring morale, character and patriotism. From the four corners of the earth, the exiled monks, nuns, and members of the teaching orders flowed back to help the common mother, France. This noble conduct of the clergy, of whom thousands gave up their lives on the battlefields, drew the publicly expressed admiration of such anti-clerical statesmen or journalists as Cruppi, Clémenceau, and Hervé.⁵ The government, on its part, annulled the decrees which were just about to abolish the last Church schools. It admitted the bishops to a place of honor near the civil and military authorities, in all patriotic solemnizations. President Poincaré was officially represented at the funeral services held in Notre Dame in Paris for Pope Pius X, and he came in person to the memorable mass celebrated on May 22, 1916, in the exquisite Sainte-Chapelle in Paris in honor of the members of the Paris bar fallen on the battlefield. The fact that no religious service had taken place in the chapel for years gave peculiar significance to the ceremony. Finally, on the great National Relief Committee might be seen, during the entire war, the representatives of every political and social party and of every religious denomination in France, working amiably and harmoniously together.⁶ And now, three years after the war, friendly relations between Church and State still exist. The writer's French friends tell him that there is no longer any question of 'persecution' or 'intolerance', and it is rare that a free-thinker insults a man wearing the cassock. The four and a half years of war in which Frenchmen of all classes and creeds shared like brothers hardships, mourning and sacrifices of blood and fortune, did more for the cause of social solidarity and social justice in France than any fifty years of reform in times of peace could have brought about. Gustave Hervé, writing in *La Victoire* in 1916 at the time of the celebration of July 14th, the French national holiday, said this:—

"Can we take it upon ourselves to-morrow to begin again a struggle of brother against brother? Can you imagine a

⁵ A. Lugan: *Hier et Demain, Anti-cléricalisme et Tolérance*, pp. 23 ff. 1917.

⁶ Yves de la Brière: *Chronique du Mouvement Religieux*, in *Etudes*, pp. 355 ff., 5 Feb., 1920.

rich man, in the future, refusing to the children of some obscure hero who died that France might live, their share of happiness, recreation, education and of social justice? Can you imagine a freethinker, however much of a priest-hater he may be, sneering at religious convictions which have comforted so many of our women, and even of our soldiers in the times which tried men's souls? And, however infatuated our working classes may be with their theories of class antagonism, can they treat as enemies our aristocracy or bourgeoisie whose sons have shed by thousands without stint their generous blood, not for the sake of their own fortunes, but for the sake of the honor and of the love they bear towards that moral ideal, France?"⁷

M. Hervé's high hopes may be long in coming true, but they are none the less worth striving for. In this respect it is quite comforting to find it recently stated by a high authority⁸ that the war, with its miseries so long fraternally shared by all classes, has caused the younger generation of Frenchmen to turn away from the wordy and sterile discussions that mar French politics and political parties, and to devote themselves to the study of moral and social reform. The young men of the aristocracy and of the bourgeoisie have for the first time understood and shared the privations of the lower classes, because the war brought home suffering and want to men of every rank. Young men of family now realize as never before that property and wealth are a trusteeship.

Again, while there is not the slightest danger that letters and arts will ever cease to be cultivated with conspicuous success in France, the Great War has upset the traditional hierarchy of professions, and has shown the superiority of character, capacity, and training over the useless learning acquired by the holders of official degrees, who have so long formed an intellectual mandarinat in France. Manuals and intellectuals have been brought closer to each other. Young men are turning away from mere literary pursuits and the learned professions, to take up commercial and industrial careers. Indeed, another great benefit the war conferred on France was the industrial revolution it

⁷ Lugan: *op. cit.*, p. 48. ⁸ Alfred de Tarde, in *L'Ere Nouvelle*, Jan. 23, 1921.

brought about. We have seen in a former article that France was, at the outbreak of the war, an agricultural country dotted with many small industries and possessing but few big ones, the latter mostly in the North and East.

Mr. Herbert Adams Gibbons has graphically told the story of France's great industrial effort in the winter of 1914-1915, when the armies were digging in from the North Sea to Switzerland. "Long neglected coal and iron deposits were utilized," he writes.

"Mines in uninvaded departments, from the Pyrenees to the Pas-de-Calais, were developed to the limit of production. Coke-ovens were set up. A new system of transportation was organized, and the rolling stock found everywhere. Plants that had never competed with the North in raw steel were equipped with blast furnaces and converters. Labor-recruiting agents scoured Italy, Spain, and North Africa."⁹

With the aid of English coal, agricultural Normandy was industrialized and so was the estuary of the Loire. Thanks to the electricity furnished by the mountain streams of Dauphiné and the Pyrenees, big iron and steel plants and chemical factories sprang up in those regions, all operated and fed by the new "white coal". Two vast new chemical industries were created in France, that of organic chemistry and that of synthetic products, in particular the derivatives from coal tar, and all the pharmaceutical products and dyestuffs obtained from them, products as necessary in all the industries of peace as in the manufacture of explosives in war.¹⁰ The regions surrounding Paris, Lyons, Bordeaux, Marseilles, Rouen, became centres of manufacturing on a vast scale. The old-fashioned methods in industry had to be given up—and there are no more hidebound slaves of routine than French manufacturers, jobbers, bankers and workmen. American and German processes of standardizing factory

⁹ H. A. Gibbons: *France and Ourselves*, pp. 34 ff. 1920.

¹⁰ M. E. Fleurent: *Les Industries chimiques en France*, pp. 34 ff. 1920. Jean Duhamel: *La Métallurgie française*, in *La France de Demain*, pp. 144-8. 1919.

output were forced on recalcitrant iron- and steel-masters, for war is pitiless to the inefficient. There are well-qualified French writers who tell us that, in four years' time, war constrained France to undergo a development of her industries and achieve an industrial technique such as would not have been accomplished by her in half a century under the old industrial methods of before the war. It is comforting to think that if war has covered France with death and ruins, it has also endowed her with new and vigorous organs of life.¹¹

Another important consequence of the war was the return of Alsace-Lorraine to France. Miss Betham-Edwards has called attention to the hard fate of these frontier provinces. As soon as they had become firmly attached to France and to her civilization they were torn up by the bleeding roots and compelled to undergo the reverse process of Germanization. And now that many of the younger generation, in Alsace, at any rate, have been in part re-Germanized, now that many thousands of German settlers have struck root in the country, the tearing up process is repeated. Now again, as in 1871 and following years, we see many thousands, who wish to stand by the old allegiance, leaving the country. To be just to the French, however, any student of the Alsace-Lorraine question will agree that France had a moral right, not to say even a moral duty, to take back her lost provinces. Lorraine, properly called Upper Lorraine, was at all times throughout the Middle Ages overwhelmingly French in speech, save on its Eastern border. In Metz, as every mediævalist knows, language and literature have from the earliest times been French—when they were not Latin. In 1766 the duchy was, after the death of its last duke, King Stanislas Leczinski of Poland, quite legitimately united to France. The Germans were actuated purely by motives of greed in splitting the ancient duchy in two in 1871, for they wished not only to gain the great fortress of Metz but the immensely valuable iron mines of the Briey basin, and they thought—quite erroneously as it turned out—that they had completely deprived France of these iron deposits. As for Alsace, and Strasburg in particular, we

¹¹ Besnard et Aymard: *Où va-t-on? La France de Demain*, pp. 27-29. 1920.

need not attempt to justify their mode of acquisition by Louis XIV or his ministers in the seventeenth century. In a century of purely dynastic policies, when people were transferred from one ruler to another like cattle, the French kings were neither more nor less scrupulous than their fellow-sovereigns. But if the Alsations have at all times, with the exception of the French settlers, been German in race, they have never, since the French Revolution, barring a bare handful of malcontents repudiated by their fellow-citizens, felt themselves German in nationality. The writers of the Fatherland are fond of dwelling on the Germanic speech and customs of the Alsations, when Goethe was a student at Strasburg shortly before the French Revolution. And this is true. Whether one owed allegiance to the King of France on this side of the Rhine or to some petty German prince or prelate on the German side, the mentality of these border populations was substantially the same west or east of the river. It was the French Revolution which dug a gulf between the German in Alsace and the German in the countries which were afterwards to become Germany, a gulf which has remained even to this day. One may almost say that the French Revolution created an Alsace-Lorraine problem before 1871, for under its mighty impulse the Alsatian was swept far beyond his old Teutonic moorings and became a Frenchman in spite of his Germanic race, speech and customs. Across the Rhine, on the other hand, the reactionary spirit of German rulers, both in 1815 and again in 1849, kept back their peoples and thus widened the gulf between the dweller in Alsace and his neighbors across the Rhine. The wars and invasions of the French Revolution, of the Napoleonic era, and of 1870-1871 completed the differentiation between Alsatian and German, for, as everyone knows, a very fervent patriotism must of necessity be developed in frontier populations, who are always the first to feel the blows of battle and to bear the horrors of invasion. And thus it came about that the 'German brothers' in Alsace were far from welcoming the new régime set up in 1871.

The Imperial Government had set three agents at work to Germanize their conquered provinces: the German drill-sergeant, the German schoolmaster and the army of imperial officials.

In old Germany the officer, the teacher or professor, and the functionary, as representatives of the omnipotent State, were set apart from other men and honored accordingly. But the Alsatian bourgeoisie, deeply imbued with the equalitarian spirit of the French Revolution, refused to bow their heads to these men, nor admit their claims to superiority. Instinctively, as to a protecting mantle, the Alsatian middle-class clung to the French culture, and, above all, to the French language, which personified it. In their eyes there was at stake no mere sentimental affection, strong as that might be, for the tongue they had so long practised and loved, there was much more: Germanization would for them mean a lowering in the social scale, for they knew there was no room under the German privilege caste system for their own proud independence. Both German and French writers are agreed that the Alsatian women of the higher classes were chiefly instrumental in keeping alive the attachment for France and all things French. Professional men were often forced through necessity or the desire for preferment in office to compromise with the claims of *Kultur*. Not so their wives and daughters. The Alsatian mothers, whenever they could afford it, would send their daughters to boarding-schools or to convent-schools where French was the medium of education. Religion itself ministered to the old patriotism. French saints and patrons were invoked, French formulas and prayers were recited, and French holy days and anniversaries were kept.¹² Thus the bourgeoisie in the conquered provinces became the very bulwarks of French civilization, bulwarks, however, which were fast weakening because of the ceaseless emigration of Alsatians to France.

As for the peasant and artisan classes, although they never considered the Germans as 'brothers', nor literary German as their 'mother-tongue',¹³ they were slowly but surely being won over to Germanism by the combined action of German

¹² Georges Grappe, in *Notre Alsace, Notre Lorraine*, II, Chapter I. 1920.

¹³ The Alsatian dialect is, of course, akin to German, but High German must be learned at school by the Alsatian like any other foreign tongue. See Abbé E. Wetterlé: *Le Problème Alsacien-Lorrain*, in *Revue de la Semaine*, May 20, 1921.

schools, German barracks and the unexampled material prosperity with which Germany endowed her subject provinces. Railway systems and canal and river navigation were immensely improved. Agriculture flourished with cheap and abundant fertilizers. Alsatian wines, no longer fearing French competition, attained high prices on German markets. The growth of tobacco was developed, for it was no longer a State monopoly. As for manufacturing, not to mention an enormous expansion of the old spinning and weaving industries, both cotton and wool, the production of iron ore in annexed Lorraine alone had increased thirty-fold from 1871 to 1914. Most beneficial of all to the country was the introduction of the admirable German system of labor insurance against sickness, accidents, old age and death. The provinces profited immensely, too, through the technical, trade and apprenticeship schools which the Imperial Government set up, and which France is only now after the war beginning to develop elsewhere on her territory.¹⁴ There can be little doubt that, had the Germans pursued their task of assimilation in a liberal, indulgent and patient spirit, the process of Germanization would have been so far advanced that by the fateful year 1914 people would have almost ceased talking of the 'Alsace-Lorraine problem'. That such a problem continued to exist right down to the Great War, was, above all, owing to the misdirected efforts of German officials and of the brutality and insolence of the German military men. After the conquerors had long experienced the bitterness of finding their overtures rejected by their 'Alsatian brothers', they came to the conclusion that nothing could be accomplished in the land except by force. As old Germany was becoming more and more completely militarized, who can wonder that the military men should have been left a pretty free hand in the 'enemy's country', as many Germans dubbed the conquered provinces.¹⁵ Thus, strengthened by persecution, the resistance of Alsace-Lor-

¹⁴ Bourgeois and Pfister: *La Vie Publique en Alsace-Lorraine depuis 1871*, in *Alsace-Lorraine et la Frontière du Nord-Est*, I, Paris, 1918.

¹⁵ An instructive account of the German failure will be found written by Dr. Fred Curtus, in the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, April 12, 1914. Quoted in Nippold: *Chauvinisme Allemand*, 2nd edition, Paris, 1921.

raine took on new life and vigor. German barbarities in Alsace-Lorraine, as elsewhere during the war, filled full the cup of bitterness, and, when the French entered their lost provinces in November, 1918, Alsace, as President Poincaré phrased it, "threw herself weeping on the neck of her long-lost mother". Some disenchantment, however, was sure to come with such a radical change as that from a German to a French régime. The younger generation of the peasant and working classes in Alsace no longer know any French, and find it hard to adjust themselves to the new régime. French taxation unavoidably presses hard upon the people, who cannot help contrasting their present difficulties with pre-war conditions. Alsatian wines find no sale in France and are boycotted in Germany. But the French authorities are patient and forbearing and, in the course of a few years, when prosperity shall have returned to the country, these discontents and grumblings will have faded away.

In conclusion and speaking generally, one may say that the war has brought about a fermentation of minds among all Frenchmen, 89% of those of military age having been mobilized and subjected to war experiences as well as to intensive propaganda of all sorts. The result has been an explosion of discontent and of criticism of time-honored habits or institutions. The moral as well as the material defects of French civilization are being aired,—as, for instance, the alarmingly low birth-rate coupled with the high mortality in urban centres, the spread of alcoholism, France's commercial and industrial inferiority to other nations and, above all, 'Parliamentarism'. This term in France refers primarily not to the legislative but to the administrative part of government, which forms a vast bureaucratic machine, purely appointive in its membership, and corresponding not only to our central, but also to our local, government officials, election to local administrative office being unknown. Of these various questions and of the remedies proposed for their solution, we shall speak in a subsequent paper on reconstruction in France. Suffice it to say now that the necessity of finding, first, a satisfactory administration for Alsace-Lorraine, from its very history wedded to local autonomy, and, secondly, a mode of rapid reconstruction for the devastated districts, has given an addi-

tional impetus to Regionalism, a movement which had long been gaining strength. Regionalism is a protest against what one may term the monstrous administrative extension of the French State into every nook and corner of local political life and of local self-government. It seeks to re-create, what the tentacular civil service and over-centralization in Paris had almost succeeded in destroying—vigorous and autonomous regional life, both economic and political. In this way real political parties, as opposed to political factions, might arise, parties based on real sectional interests and divergences. It was a significant event in the interest of Regionalism that a commissioner-general should be created to administer Alsace-Lorraine, with the power of deciding important measures on the spot, and of appealing directly to Paris over the civil service hierarchy. It was only a little less significant that a special minister for the devastated districts should be added to the Cabinet. The red-tape of the slow-working and unwieldy French bureaucratic machine had to be cut somewhere, for red-tape had shown itself quite inadequate to cope with the extraordinary situations created by the war. Henceforth the French governmental system is likely to take on the progressive flexibility which the times demand. Perhaps this is for France, and for those who admire her, her one war gain of most permanent value.

SEDLEY LYNCH WARE.

The University of the South.

TWO POEMS

I. STOLEN HAPPINESS

A schoolboy brushed aside his mother's kisses,
And stumbled on beyond her last farewell.
The air was filled with unaccepted blisses ;
I caught the benediction ere it fell.

Were they lovers who were lingering and laughing
At eventide beyond the cottage gate ?
I tasted not the wine that they were quaffing ;
And yet,—and yet, I was intoxicate.

II. THE BIRDS IN MAY

The peach has cast her petals on the ground
In the cold spring.
At dawn began a joyous sound
Of songsters rioting.
Mad to find their ancient haunts,
Alighting from untired wing,
Breaking into random chants,
By ones, by twos they sing :
Then in rapturous obsession
Raise the chorus of possession.

Slender lilacs half in bud,
Deeply purpled at the tips,
Bend above a lusty brood
Of yellow jonquils bold as brass
Pushing through the tangled grass
With trumpets at their lips.

See, on every dewy spray
A saucy sparrow pipes his lay ;
Waits a trembling moment, then
Flings the song aloft again.

JOHN JAY CHAPMAN.

New York.

THE EVOLUTION OF MILTON'S POLITICAL THINKING

Milton is a child of his age. The first impression, however, is likely to be that his political principles were born full-fledged. It is true that by training and temperament he is naturally aligned with one party rather than another in the historic struggle that culminated in his time. But with the reservation necessary in dealing with a great and original genius we can say that he developed with the logic of events. In a marked degree the exigencies of the times determined what direction his native genius should take, and what interpretation and application he should give to the principles which he accepted.

The changes in his thinking are not due, however, to a systematic and logical development of principles previously entertained, but rather to the turn of events. We note little maturing in his political thought and still less the consistency that comes from a systematic development of principles antecedently held. He does not move in the sphere of speculative politics, as do Hobbes, Jean Bodin, and Locke, but he grounds his argument on broad reason and applies with grandeur the principle of freedom to each new question or crisis that he must face. The application that he makes to-day may be inconsistent with that of to-morrow, but not with that large freedom which with him was the central conviction of his life.

As every student of Milton points out, liberty is the magic word for him; not liberty for its own sake, however, but, in the phrase of Professor Seeley, "liberty as an energizing force", the liberty that sets a man free from a lower order by making him obedient to a still higher. Milton is almost alone among his contemporaries in his comprehensive grasp of the far-reaching consequences of the Puritan movement, and of what it would mean, not merely for the state and civil liberty, but for the liberation of genius, for literature, education, and religion. Beyond any Englishman of the seventeenth century he stands for free inquiry and the sanctity of the individual. He varied in the application of these principles with the shifting of events. He

is a moderate monarchy man in 1640; he is a defender of the commonwealth, although not averse to monarchy as a principle in 1649; he is a Republican by 1653; an Oliverian in 1655; the doctrinaire advocate of a sort of elective aristocracy in 1660.

While it is not our purpose to discuss the development of Milton's religious thinking, it will not be amiss to name the changes for the light they may throw upon his political thought and upon the way that his mind worked. He is a Puritan Conformist in 1639, as a majority of liberals are, at that time; a Presbyterian in 1641; an Independent by 1654; an Independent in 1658, but more insistent that the Establishment be destroyed; an Independent in 1673, but in a still different sense. But his political thinking was modified by the history of the Puritan struggle in a more certain and definite way than his religious opinions. His defence of Presbyterianism in *Reason in Church Government* was really only opportunism. Since Independency as a church policy was still in solution, Presbyterianism was the nearest system at hand that made for the liberty he loved. It changed into opposition when he saw the direction it was to take—that "New Presbyter was but Old Priest writ large".

Early in his career, as we would infer from entries and observations in the Commonplace Book, Milton was a moderate constitutionalist. There are quotations in this book bearing directly or indirectly upon political theory from more than thirty writers, ancient and modern. Here, as Gooch remarks, we discover the whole spirit of his political thinking, his conception of the State as an organism, his comprehensive view of national well-being, his reverence for the thinkers of antiquity, his sacrifice of the undistinguished multitude to the natural peers of mankind.¹ One has only to read his political pamphlets with this scrap-book in hand to note how indebted he is to this early reading.

There is nothing in this book, however, to suggest that Milton had passed beyond a liberal constitutionalism. While we would not look to his early church pamphlets for political theory, there

¹ E. P. Gooch: *English Democratic Ideas in the Seventeenth Century*, pp. 177-8.

are several passages which make it clear that he had no quarrel with monarchy as such. In fact, he was proud of the English scheme of government.

"There is no civil government that hath been known more divinely and harmoniously tuned, more equally balanced, as it were, by the hand and scale of justice than is the commonwealth of England; where under a free and untutored monarch, the noblest, worthiest and most prudent men, with full approbation and suffrage of the people, have in their power the supreme and final determination of highest affairs."²

And again in the same pamphlet he attempts to show that ecclesiastical supremacy in the hands of episcopacy "draws to it the power to excommunicate kings, and then follows the worst that can be imagined".

In the pamphlets before 1649 there is little that has to do directly with Milton's political theories. They all evidence his supreme love of liberty, his sublime confidence in the triumph of truth, and his enthusiastic hopes for the future. In the *Areopagitica* he sees England a "noble and puissant nation arousing herself like a strong man after sleep and shaking her invincible locks". He declares that "Truth is strong next to the Almighty, she needs no policies, no stratagems, nor licensing to make her victorious". In the address to Parliament prefixed to the first divorce tract we are reminded of the doctrinaire hopes of the philosophers of the French Revolution: "Parliament has now in its hand, doubtless by the favour of God, a great and populous nation to reform". He fears "lest some other people more devout and wise bereave us of this offered immortal glory, our wonted prerogatives of being the first asserters in every great vindication".³ Milton feels that the time has come to initiate a new order of things. In this pamphlet he sets out to reform not merely political and intellectual theories, but customary morality. Customs and morals are no more fixed and final for Milton than philosophies, theologies or political theories.

² *Of Reformation in England*. Bohn. Vol I, p. 408.

³ Bohn. Vol. III, p. 118.

"Moralities must be revised from age to age by enlarged and progressive reason." He, with his contemporaries, forgets how infinitely complex human society is and what large part is played by prejudice, habit, custom; they forget that any present institution is the long deposit of experience, layer upon layer, as it were. They would do in a few years what we know in the light of sequent events needed centuries to accomplish. "This is the perennial tragedy of life", says Thomas Hill Green, "which comes of the inevitable conflict between the creative will of man and the hidden wisdom of the world which seems to thwart it."⁴ Milton and the Puritans failed, at least of their immediate end, because, despite their inspiration, sincerity, enthusiasm, they did not understand the condition under which reform must come. They refused to come to terms with tradition, "with the habits, common feelings, interests, and prejudices which were deep rooted in the national character". Burke's warning that in discussing the rights of men we should not fail to study their natures would not have been amiss for Milton.

In this dawn when—

"It was bliss to be alive
But to be young was very heaven,"

Milton had great confidence in Parliament and believed in the people. We shall see, however, that as events progressed his attitude toward both Parliament and the people changed, and his ardor dampened, although he remained a sublime idealist to the end.

A great change took place in the political thinking of England between the year of the publishing of the *Areopagitica* and Milton's next pamphlet. Let us note here that the first phase of the Puritan Revolution was directed against the church. Gooch says that two-thirds of the speeches and pamphlets between the meeting of the Long Parliament and the break with the King in 1642 dealt with questions of the church.⁵ The most active opponent of the church was careful to explain that "no Bishop did not imply no King". Only after the war had begun and the

⁴ *Lecture on the English Commonwealth. Works*, Vol. III, p. 278.

⁵ *Op. cit.*, p. 105.

army had been victorious did the anti-monarchic sentiment develop rapidly. Political radicalism was born in the army.

Before 1641 what was attempted was merely to curtail the royal prerogatives and to shift the general direction of the government from the King towards the House of Commons. The passage of the "Grand Remonstrance" showed that the attitude was changing; at this juncture conventional deference for the monarch was thrown off and Parliament appealed to the nation against the King. Only a month later Henry Parker, now a spokesman for the popular party in the Commons, maintained that God was no more the author of one form of government than another. All power is originally with the people, and God only confirms that which is selected by common consent. The charter of nature entitles the subjects of all countries to safety, and the community, by virtue of its paramount interest, may justly seize power and use it for its own preservation. We can thus see that the appeal to the ancient liberties of England, to use and wont, was giving way before the appeal to the Law of Nature and reason. This theoretical tendency was strengthened by the war party calling in, at this time, the aid of Scotland. The Scotch leaders were steeped in the political philosophy of Buchanan and Knox. Rutherford, their spokesman, claimed that all jurisdiction over men is artificial and positive.

"To choose a King is the same as to make a King. The King is subordinate, not co-ordinate—a creature of the people's making and can be unmade or as easily made. Nor can Parliament resist the people any more than they can the King."

In these intensely individualistic times there was a multiplication of theories; there were the Millenarians, Erastians, Antinomians, Levellers. The increasing terror of these threatening sections led the Presbyterians to sever their connection with the popular party or so-called Independents, and to attempt to work some compromise with the King. With the opposition of the Presbyterian party the theories of the Independents became even more radical. The army was the hotbed of radical and levelling doctrines. It rejected the idea of King entirely and maintained that Parliament is a creation of the people. It sent in a remon-

strance to the Long Parliament, demanding not only the election of a new Parliament but the abolition of Monarchy and the Peers. The struggle went on between the Army and the Parliament, ending only with the passage by the Commons on January 4, 1649, of three resolutions. The first resolved that the People were the original of all just power in the State; the second, that the Commons possessed supreme power as representatives of the People; the third, that whatever was enacted by them should have the force of law without needing the consent of either King or the House of Peers. England was Republican.

Even this cursory outline of events and opinion between 1644 and 1649 will help to explain, at least in a small way, that Milton's political thought as expressed in *Tenure of Kings and Magistrates* developed with the course of events. In this tract we have a powerful and original mind, expressing, in a consistent body of doctrine and with force and eloquence, the Republican principles and theories that were current at the time,—not so radical as Lilburn or Goodwin, more republican than Ireton or Cromwell.

In the *Tenure of Kings and Magistrates* Milton has attached himself to the Republic and has taken up the cause of the regicides; he has become the champion of the theory of Natural Rights and Social Contract.⁶

⁶ The spirit of free inquiry in the sixteenth century opened up to discussion such questions as the social contract, divine right of kings and sovereignty of the people. The notion of social contract can be found already in Plato (*Crito*, 49-52; *Republic*, II, 359,). The same theory, together with the doctrine of the sovereignty of the people, runs down through the Middle Ages and stands as a justification of popular revolt against tyrant pope or tyrant king. The doctrine of the sovereignty of the people had been inherited from the Christian tradition. Christianity had emphasized the worth of the humblest soul and taught the brotherhood of man. For the Middle Ages both king and pope were only servants instituted by a sovereign people. Even Thomas Aquinas, in his *Summa Theologiae*, supports this doctrine. The law of God comes before the Pope. With the breaking up of the mediæval empire and the growth of the modern State, with the struggle between Church and State, the king comes to claim absolute right. In fact, the early reformers, Luther and Calvin, defend the divine rights of kings as against popes. Early in the Reformation, however, the sovereignty of the

"No man can be so stupid [he says] as to deny that all men naturally were born free . . . they agreed by common league to bind each other from mutual injury. All authority was originally unitedly in them all; for peace, for order and lest each man should be his own partial judge, they communicated and derived either to one, whom for the eminence of his wisdom and integrity they chose above the rest: or to more than one, whom they thought of equal deserving; the first was called king, the other magistrate."

From these premises it is clear that the power remains with the people and cannot be taken from them without a violation of their birthright. The power of kings, then, is only derivative, committed to them in trust, and in consequence the "people as often as they shall judge best can either choose or reject them, retain them or depose them, by the liberty and right of free-born men to be governed as seems best". "It is their right to depose a king, their duty to depose a tyrant." With buoyant enthusiasm and with little consciousness of the need of comparing his theories with practice, which, as Burke remarked, "is the true touchstone of all theories which regard man and the affairs of men", he asserts:—

"Wanting that power to remove or abolish any governor or subordinate, with the government itself upon urgent causes, and to depose and economize in the land which God hath given them, as master of family in their own house and free inheritance, we are indeed under tyranny and servitude."

people and the doctrine of the social contract were reasserted. Two forms of the original pact or contract are to be noted in the post-Reformation period: the first, the Biblical and mediæval form, surviving from the Middle Ages, was seemingly based on the Hebrew idea of a covenant between man and God, supplemented by the Roman idea of contract; the second related to the institution of a political society by means of a compact among individuals, and is set forth in the works of Hooker, Hobbes, Locke, and Rousseau. These two are confused in Buchanan's *De Jure Apud Scotos*, in the *Vindiciæ Contra Tyrannos*, in Hotman's *Francia Gallio*, as well as in the pamphlets of Milton. The divine and the human, the natural and supernatural, had not yet been disentangled. The *Commonplace Book* of Milton evidences that he was thoroughly acquainted with these great political theorists of the Renaissance, as well as with those of antiquity and the Middle Ages. There are allusions, quotations, illustrations and arguments from them in all of his political pamphlets.

In his insistence that the people are the original power, and that they retain more than they give, Milton separates himself from Hobbes and becomes identified with the liberal school. He also separates himself from such men as Ireton, who was the defender of expediency and believed that rights are not born *in vacua* but only in the concrete situation of an actual society. Yet we find nothing in the tract to attest that he hated monarchy itself. He was only "showing in abstract consideration of the question that might lawfully be done against tyrants".

In this tract Milton sees the divine origin of men; freedom as their birthright, power to choose their own King, mastery in their own house and free inheritance. Disillusionment is beginning to come even in the next tract, *Eikonoklastes*. The people now are irrational, the hapless herd, or how else be so enchanted by this device of the King—the *Eikon Basilike*! His references to the King are here becoming bitter. By the time of his *Defence of the People of England* against Salmasius, monarchy itself has become contrary to the Law of Nature. Nature appoints that wise men should govern fools, not that the wicked should rule over the good; and consequently they that take government out of such men's hands act according to the Law of Nature. Nobody has the right to be king unless he excels all others in wisdom.⁷ Milton has passed over to republicanism. And I might point out here a peculiar feature in so great a mind as Milton's. His break with monarchy is seemingly not a result of speculation in the closet, but of personal antagonism. It needed the bitter personal feeling aroused by the answering of the *Eikon Basilike* and Salmasius to carry him over to the completest republicanism.

In the *Second Defence* of two years later he is still an Oliverian, although the Commonwealth has passed over into a Protectorate. We have noticed that Milton's estimate of the wisdom of the people lessened after 1649. He has no longer such radiant hopes for Parliament as he had in 1643, and, despite his belief in the sanctity of the people, his little faith in representative government is weakening. In the latter part of the *Second*

⁷ *A Defence of the People of England*, chs. 5, 6, 7, 8.

Defence he violently attacks current democracy with its shibboleths and catchwords. For—

“who would vindicate your right of unrestrained suffrage or of choosing what representative you like best merely that you might elect the creature of your own faction? . . . Who could believe that the master and the patrons of banditti could be the proper guardian of liberty? or who would suppose that he should ever be made one hair more free by such a set of public functionaries when, . . . among them, who are the very guardians of liberty, and to whose custody it is committed, there must be so many who do not know either how to use or to enjoy liberty?”⁸

There are signs of disappointment and disillusionment in the following statement, and a feeling that he is defending a lost cause. Speaking of England's mighty accomplishments for liberty, at the very close of the *Second Defence*, he declares:—

“I have delivered my testimony, I would almost say have erected a monument that will not readily be destroyed, to the reality of these singular and mighty achievements which were above all praise If after such a display of courage and vigor, you basely relinquish the path of virtue, if you do anything unworthy of yourselves, posterity will sit in judgment on your conduct.”

I said he was an Oliverian, but his praise of Cromwell in the *Second Defence*, as glowing as it is, is not unqualified. He no doubt prefers the rule and system of Cromwell as a whole to those of his opponents, but nevertheless says to him:—

“Reflect often what a dear thing and of how dear a parentage this liberty is that has been commended and entrusted to you by your country. . . . Truly you cannot yourself be free without us, for it is an arrangement of nature that who-soever intrenches upon the liberty of others loses his own, first of all.”

It is the liberty, not of constitutionalists, that he would have Cromwell respect, but rather the liberty that allows the government of the community to be carried on by all its worthiest members and that gives the most energizing rational liberty

⁸ *Second Defence of the English People*. See pp. 297-298.

to the individual. He tells Cromwell that he should avail himself of the counsel of the best men of the time. He advises him that he would do well to trust the protection of our liberties to those men whose talents are so splendid and whose worth has been so thoroughly tried. He also suggests that the state should rid itself of the church establishment, and that there should be better provision for the education and moral training of the youth, reserving the rewards for the meritorious only; that those should be watched who itch to pass a multiplicity of laws, for laws are generally worse in proportion to their number, restricting liberty, rather than guarding against fraud.

Milton always fears any machinery or movement that would seem to cramp genius and limit freedom, not freedom that is license, but freedom that opens the largest possibilities for the fullest development of the individual powers.

There may be a despondency showing through in the *Ready and Easy Way to Establish a Commonwealth*, and a certain superhuman daring, even more marked, as the dangers are great or the cause hopeless, yet I think we can say that in this pamphlet we have reached a new stage in Milton's political thinking. He is no longer an Oliverian looking back longingly to the days of the Protectorate. Government by a single man is not to be thought of.

"That people needs must be mad or strangely infatuated that builds the chief hopes of their common happiness and safety on a single person. . . . All ingenious and knowing men will agree with me that a free commonwealth without a single person or House of Lords is by far the best government and again, the sovereign has little but to set pompous lace upon the superficial acting of the State."

Milton is more doctrinaire and more bold in this pamphlet than in any heretofore. Where he repeats his former opinions it is without qualifications. He says that men are—

"not bound by any statute of preceding parliaments, but by the law of nature only, which is the only law of laws truly and properly, to all mankind fundamental; the beginning and end of all government; to which no parliament or people that will thoroughly reform but may and must have recourse."

This sounds like the Social Contract and might have been uttered by Rousseau, Godwin or Paine. What are this law of nature and these natural rights, your practical statesman would ask? Milton fails here, seemingly, to see that our present institutions are the product of a long and painful evolution, that society, in the words of Burke, is a "partnership in every virtue and in all perfection, and as the end of such partnership cannot be obtained in many generations, it becomes a partnership not only between those who are living, but between those who are living, those who are dead, and those who are to be born". If Milton had known human nature and better appreciated what Emerson calls "the constant mind of man", he would have seen that reform comes slowly; that only through long reaches of time do principles and theories become a part of the living texture of society.⁹

Again we are forced to observe that the changes which take place in Milton's thinking are only those forced by the immediate circumstances. As stated above, the exigencies of the time do not seem to drive Milton to a far-reaching questioning and revising of his former theories, nor can we say that they brought him to a closer study of human nature as it is, and a better alignment with reality and the nature of things. Men, much inferior in power of mind and speculation, could separate themselves from their age and reflect upon it in a much broader way; they could return upon themselves, as Matthew Arnold said of Burke, see the opposite side of the question and note wherein they may have failed. Jeremy Taylor could; so could Richard Baxter. We can say of Milton, as of another great Englishman, that he touched nothing that he did not exalt and light up by great principles; yet what great man other than Carlyle was so impracticable in his concrete suggestions and had so little influence on the solution of current issues as Milton?

When one scheme fails Milton suggests another even more impracticable. What suggestion, considering the circumstances

⁹Harrington, the author of *Oceana* and the moving spirit of the "Rota Club", was almost alone among the political philosophers of Milton's age in understanding the organic nature of society and the conditions of society that determine the nature of government.

and temper of the time, is more chimerical than the scheme he proposed for establishing a free commonwealth?

By March or April, 1659, when the pamphlet in question came out, all was chaos and everything looked toward the recalling of the House of Stuart. Milton, no doubt, had his fears but he will make at least one last effort. We can save the state yet if reason and courage remain in England. His scheme is not that of any of the contending parties of the time. He would have no single person ruling nor a House of Peers. "Writs are now sent out", he says, "for a new election, not in the name of a King, but in the name of the keepers of our liberty." Never was there such an opportunity for the convoking of a free Parliament, not by a king but by the voice of liberty. The ground and basis of every just and free government is a general council of ablest men chosen by the people. Milton believes in the remnant. Nothing could be settled by majorities:—

"Licentious and unbridled democracy ruins itself with its own excessive powers. . . . More just it is, if it come to force, that a less number compel a greater to retain what can be no wrong to their liberty, than that a greater number for the pleasure of their baseness compel the less most injuriously to be their fellow slaves. They who seek nothing but their own just liberty have always right to win it and keep it whenever they have power, be the voices ever so numerous that oppose it."

Milton distrusts Parliament, for they unsettle rather than settle a free government, breed commotion, changes, novelties and uncertainties.

By careful control of election and careful sifting of those elected, the worthiest shall be secured, who may rightly be called the true keepers of our liberty. As human nature runs, this would seem to subvert the very freedom that Milton would establish. Would not his schemes end in a slavery greater than that against which he fought so zealously in the past? Beyond any of his contemporaries he saw the scope of the revolution and the glory of an era of really free men. And in the *Ready and Easy Way to Establish a Commonwealth* we have the drowning man grasping at the straw. It was the contrast of the unique opportunity

that had arrived for the whole human race to take a step forward toward a higher civilization with the unripeness of the great mass of his fellow-men for such transition that Milton beheld. It was a situation as old and as abiding as the progressive spirit of man. How many persons of light and leading have all but despaired at the 'unteachableness' of the human race after the bitter experiences of the late war, and at their hesitation to take a step forward toward more amicable international relations! And I may add that Milton is not unlike many another idealist who starts on his career of reform with roseate hopes only to be disillusioned, and often to become in the end bitter and autocratic. It is the strong man of vision seeing great possibilities for the race, but who, on discovering that they are blind to all he beholds, is tempted to establish by force his kingdom of values. Milton could have said with Socrates, who, when told by Glaucon that the city he had been describing did not exist anywhere on earth, that it was an idea only, replied:—

"In heaven there is laid up a pattern of such a city, and he who desires, may behold that pattern, and beholding it, govern himself accordingly. But whether there is, or ever will be such a city, is of no importance to him, for he will act according to the laws of that ideal city and no other."¹⁰

Milton began as a moderate monarchy man; he became a republican, an Oliverian; he ended in advocating what we might call the rule of the natural aristocracy; but through all the changes there shines forth a large love of liberty, liberty as an energizing force, as a higher efficiency,—the liberty that will enable man to live according to the laws of that ideal city, and no other.

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¹⁰ *The Republic*, Book IX.

THE ENGLISH ROMANTIC WRITERS AS DRAMATISTS

English Romanticism, it is generally admitted, produced novels, essays and poems that rank among the highest products of English literature. Yet in one branch of creative literature, the drama, it failed signally. The drama has seldom passed through a more barren period than that in which the brilliant Romantic writers of the early nineteenth century won their reputations. The general student of literature, if he reflects on this condition at all, generally explains it to his own satisfaction by saying that the age was interested chiefly in poetry and that the poets did not care to write drama. This explains nothing, however, for there is no reason why a lyric poet cannot also be a dramatist, as in the case of many of the Elizabethans. Moreover, the romantic poets were not indifferent to drama. Almost without exception they attempted to write it—and failed. Somewhere within themselves or within the general spirit of the age there were conditions that inhibited this brilliant group of English writers from achieving the dramatic success which they desired and which might superficially be expected of them.

Anyone considering this situation from a purely theatrical point of view might be inclined to account for it solely on the ground of technical deficiencies. Undoubtedly many of the plays in question did have conspicuous structural weaknesses, as Dr. W. S. McNeill has shown by detailed analyses in his *History of the English Drama from 1788-1832*.¹ Technical craftsmanship was somewhat beneath the study of a Romantic genius. In writing *Otho the Great*, for instance, Keats merely supplied the poetry for the speeches as his friend Brown sketched them out,—a plan which required—and demonstrated—no more technical knowledge of drama on Keats's part than did the writing of *The Eve of Saint Agnes*. The best of the Romantic dramas, Shelley's *The Cenci*, may be taken as fairly typical in its structural weaknesses. This play has been subjected to detailed analysis in three doc-

¹ Harvard ms., 1909,

toral theses,² to practical examination by several theatrical producers who considered staging it, and to actual test by the Shelley Society's production of the play in 1886. The conclusions have varied somewhat in detail, but have practically agreed in general import: the play has been found to be over-motivated in minor parts, insufficiently motivated in the character of Count Cenci, disjected by Cenci's death, and almost devoid of progression except for the scenes centering about Cenci's death and Beatrice's trial. As Shelley's clear-headed friend, Peacock, remarked, "it is unquestionably not a work for the modern English stage", and this would be true even if there were no other faults than structural ones. Yet the structural inadequacy of this and many other plays is far from affording a satisfactory explanation of the general failure of the Romantic writers as dramatists. Structural defects are often an accidental rather than a fundamental cause of failure in the drama. Often they are due to initial ignorance and are overcome by practical experience. Moreover, the theatre of the early nineteenth century frequently accepted plays that were structurally weak. The Romantic writers were not all as ignorant of the stage as Shelley. Some of them had excellent opportunities for acquiring the technique of the stage, had it been in them to do so. Charles Lamb knew the stage through constant attendance and wrote dramatic criticism. Byron was an even more regular playgoer and during 1815 was one of the three directors of the Drury Lane Theatre. Probably the inspiration and the impatience of restraint which characterized the Romantic writers made it especially easy for them to slight the exacting technical requirements of the stage. The question is one of temperament rather than of accidental ignorance. Even so, there were two Romantic poets, Coleridge and Byron, who had sufficient technique to attain the stage and hold it for considerable runs. Technical incompetence is, at best, therefore, only a very partial explanation of the failure of the Romantic dramatists, because it is neither an insuperable handicap nor was it common to all the writers in question.

² W. S. McNeill: *op. cit.*; E. S. Bates: *Shelley's Drama, The Cenci*; and N. I. White: *Shelley's Dramatic Poems*, Harvard ms., 1918.

Neither can a common explanation be found in lack of interest due either to the debasement of the stage and its audience or to the prevalence of non-dramatic types in the literature of the period. A good play might fail to achieve popular success as a result of these conditions. These conditions might also account for an author's unwillingness to write for the stage, but they cannot account for ineptitude and inadequacy in the plays that *were* written. Dr. McNeill quotes several writers, including Scott and Byron, in strong condemnation of contemporary audiences and concludes that this partly explains the failure of the great literary figures of the day to become interested in the drama. This lack of interest, however, is more easily assumed than demonstrated. If writing drama is any proof of interest in the drama, the best poets and essayists of the day were almost unanimously interested. Wordsworth and Southey each wrote one drama; Coleridge wrote three; Scott, five and one dramatic sketch; Keats, one and a fragment; Godwin, two; Byron, seven and a fragment; Shelley, four and several fragments; and Beddoes, Lamb, Landor and Proctor also wrote dramas or dramatic sketches. Not a few of these writers essayed the stage. Wordsworth tried to get *The Borderers* accepted and failed; Shelley had the same experience with *The Cenci*, and Coleridge's *Osorio* was at first rejected but was later staged with considerable success as *Remorse*. Scott's *The House of Aspen* was refused. Godwin and Lamb succeeded in getting plays accepted only to see them promptly damned. Keats's play was declined, but Proctor achieved a stage success with *Mirandola*. Byron protested that his plays were not written to be acted, but most of them reached the stage and were acted with some success. Plainly the Romantic writers were not uninterested in drama; they were merely, as a group, unsuccessful with it.

There is one general connection between all these plays that throws a somewhat paradoxical light on their general dramatic inadequacy. This is a common touch of Shakespearean and Elizabethan diction and form. The Elizabethan structure and the large number of Shakespearean parallels commonly noted in Shelley's *The Cenci* are but the signs of a very general and pervasive influence. Scott's plays show the Elizabethan form with a slight

sprinkling of Shakespearean language. Coleridge's *Remorse* contains a number of distinct parallels to Shakespearean lines, particularly certain passages in *Hamlet*. The plays of Wordsworth, Keats and Lamb are Elizabethan in structure and furnish many echoes of Shakespeare's lines. Byron's historical plays are a professed reaction against Elizabethan drama, but the lines parallel Shakespeare's in many instances, particularly in *Marino Faliero*. The general and acute interest of the early nineteenth century in Shakespeare and the Elizabethans is evident to even the most casual student of the period. It is shown in the many collections and new editions of old plays, in the lectures and essays of Coleridge, Hazlitt and Lamb, and in the practice of the stage. Many of the successful plays of the day were Elizabethan in form; Massinger, Jonson, and Beaumont and Fletcher had not yet entirely disappeared from the stage; and Shakespeare, between 1788 and 1832, was represented by from six to seventeen different plays annually at Drury Lane and Covent Garden.³ A glance at the principal magazines of the period shows that *The Gentleman's Magazine* alone contained 145 articles and notes on Elizabethan and Shakespearean subjects between 1800 and 1825. *Blackwood's Magazine* contained twenty from 1817 to 1825; *The Monthly Magazine* thirty-five from 1800 to 1816; and *The New Monthly Magazine* twenty-five from 1814 to 1825.

The influence of the greatest English dramatists, one would think, would naturally be in the direction of sound dramatic conceptions. That it was not may be due to the fact that the writers were imitative in a slavish, pseudo-classical manner rather than independent with a genuine Romantic originality. This seems to have been the idea of Beddoes, himself an Elizabethan imitator, when he exclaimed that "these re-animations are vampire-cold" and that the man to awaken the drama must be "a bold trampling fellow".⁴ Perhaps the sound, tragic *ethos* of Shakespeare was less easily perceived because Gothic horror had invaded both the novel and the stage.

³ McNeill, *op. cit.*

⁴ Letters of Thomas Lovel Beddoes, p. 50, quoted by S. C. Chew in *The Dramas of Lord Byron*.

But the principal and really significant reason why Shakespeare failed to benefit his Romantic admirers is that they concentrated their attention upon the less fundamentally dramatic elements in his plays. "He was not only a great poet, but a great philosopher", Coleridge⁵ told his audience, forgetting to mention that he was also a great dramatist. Ethical and personal conflict evolved out of human motives and determined in accordance with human standards of truth and justice is the most fundamental element in drama. Coleridge and his contemporaries probably realized Shakespeare's greatness in this respect, but their main interest ran to the beauty of isolated passages, to metaphysical refinements in motivation, and to rapturous exaltation of characters as true human pictures rather than as personal dramatic agents in a great ethical conflict. Nor were they helped to a sounder conception of Shakespeare's real dramatic qualities by the practice of the professional playwright. From D'Avenant and Dryden's fantastically elaborated version of *The Tempest*, down to the less offensive adaptations of George Colman, Shakespeare had been freely tampered with to make him fit the fashion of the hour. Authentic versions had been acted, but other versions garbled in the interest of 'taste' or decked out in the interest of spectacle had generally been the more popular. In an age whose tendency was to react against conventions and to explore the remoter recesses of time, space and personality, which regarded genius principally as the expression of individuality and the Elizabethans as types of free and spontaneous genius, it was but natural that the central and more deeply representative qualities of Shakespeare should be slurred over in favor of elements more congenial to the spirit of the age. Even to-day there is something of the same eccentricity in the dominant critical attitude toward Shakespeare. Books that approach Shakespeare from the standpoint of practical drama, like Professor Baker's *Shakespeare's Development as a Dramatist*, are few in number and comparatively recent. Our enjoyment of Shakespeare has been greatly augmented by the subtle psychologizing of Coleridge, the appreciative flashes of Lamb and the character

⁵*Lectures on Shakespeare*, Coleridge's *Works*, N. Y., 1854, vii, 66.

studies of Hazlitt, but the enjoyment is more literary than dramatic. The methods of these critics would apply as well to the *Canterbury Tales* as to *Julius Cæsar*. Shakespeare is undoubtedly more valuable to the world in general as poet and philosopher than as dramatist; but his value as a dramatic model depends not on his poetry and philosophy, but on his fundamental dramatic qualities.

It was at this point that his influence on the Romantic dramatists became perverted. Such titles as *The Characters of Shakespeare's Dramas*, *The Beauties of Massinger*, and *Specimens of the English Dramatic Poets*, with the emphasis on *Characters*, *Beauties*, and *Specimens*, indicate the trend of Romantic dramatic appreciation. The popularity of such books (together with the emphasis on the purely poetic that we find in Coleridge, Hazlitt and the magazine reviews), explains why Lamb, in his *Essay on the Tragedies of Shakespeare*, could maintain the paradox that Shakespeare, of all dramatists, was least adapted to the stage. When we have staged Shakespeare, says Lamb, "we have only materialized and brought down a fine vision to the standard of flesh and blood". This may be very true, according to our present notions, but it would probably have sounded rather distressing to Shakespeare, who posed for so many years as a successful practical dramatist, with a decided partiality for standards of flesh and blood. No wonder that Shakespeare could not make dramatists of his romantic admirers! The Elizabethan imitators could attain good blank verse, as in Shelley's *The Cenci*; they could attain tragic scenes; and sometimes they could even create character; but the central tragic idea, which they slighted in Shakespeare, they likewise slighted in their own plays.

William Hazlitt has suggested another circumstance to account for the dramatic impotence of his age. In his essay *On Dramatic Poetry* Hazlitt finds a common cause in a general tendency to abstraction which he traces to the French Revolution, and which, in preventing men like Godwin, Coleridge and Wordsworth from getting out of intellectual abstraction into the particular and concrete, made it impossible for them to create real characters. A review of the dramas themselves establishes the

truth of Hazlitt's observation and indicates one or two additional common weaknesses.

Wordsworth's *The Borderers*, Scott's *Sensuality and Revenge*, and Coleridge's *Remorse* all belong to a class in which psychological analysis provides the main interest. With Coleridge and Wordsworth at least, this analysis is merely the author's toying with his own mental projections, and is tinged with abnormality. Thus Oswald, in *The Borderers*, consumes numerous lines inciting Marmaduke to murder, and later defends his conduct by picturing murder as intellectual emancipation. In the case of *Remorse* we get the unusual and unnatural motive of Alvar seeking to revenge an attempted assassination by inspiring the villain with remorse. It is significant that Coleridge said he liked this play because it embodied "certain pet abstract notions".⁶ Southey's *Wat Tyler* and Coleridge's *The Fall of Robespierre* are types of the drama of revolutionary struggle where the republicanism is stronger than the drama. Godwin's dramas show us the political doctrinaire making characters out of abstract ideas. Scott's *The House of Aspen* is a thoroughgoing melodrama of terror dealing with mediæval Germany. Aside from blood-curdling incident it has nothing to excite interest. Scott himself referred to it as his "Germanized brat". All Scott's other plays derive their principal value—which is small—from their lyrics and historical background. *The Doom of Devorgoil*, in particular, is intolerably narrative; its characters having the reminiscent enthusiasm of an Ancient Mariner. In these plays we encounter the same return to the past that is to be met in Scott's novels and poems, but no Jeanie Deans or Edie Ochiltree. Shelley's *The Cenci* does indeed have the appearance of great tragedy, but breaks down under closer analysis. Objective as it seems to be, it does not in reality get beyond the great abstract triangle of Tyrant, Slave and Rebel which robs practically all Shelley's plays and narrative poems of real humanity and makes him the most abstract of all the Romanticists. Ignorance of humanity, preoccupation with abstract notions, and, to a less degree, ignorance of the stage, all combined to render Shelley's dramatic

⁶ McNeill, *op. cit.*, p. 359.

aspirations hopeless. Of all the early Romanticists who attempted drama, Byron alone approached success.

Such dramatic poems as *Cain*, *Heaven and Earth*, *The Deformed Transformed*, and *Manfred* have little in common with real drama. There is too much lack of control, too much rebellion, super-terrestrialism and supernaturalism about them to conform to the standards of flesh and blood so provokingly insisted upon for acted—and actual—drama. The three historical plays, however, *Marino Faliero*, *The Two Foscari*, and *Sardanapalus*, are dramas of considerable force. Theatrically, they are fairly adequate. It is true that they are somewhat burdened with long speeches, but, unlike *The Cenci*, each scene has its theatrical value in advancing action or explaining motive or character. The motivation of the minor characters is good, but Byron, like Shelley, sometimes fails in the larger problems of motivation. He represents Marino Faliero, a man seventy-five years of age and Doge of Venice, as being goaded into attempting to overthrow the state because a scurrilous insult has gone inadequately punished. In *The Two Foscari* Jacopo is made to love Venice so much that he commits a crime in order that he may be taken back for trial, although he well knows the penalty. Byron made the Shelleyan mistake of confounding historic with dramatic truth when he defended these insufficient motives by citing historical proof. In *Sardanapalus* also he has considerable difficulty in making the main character appear reasonable and consistent.

Byron's range of character is narrow. Although his characters, on analysis, are more real than Shelley's, for some reason they make a much fainter impression on the memory. Trelawny said that Byron formed his opinions of people from books and knew little that about them personally. His heroes are mostly himself and his heroines La Guiccioli. We find a great deal of Byron in *Manfred*, *Marino*, *Cain* and *Sardanapalus*. In *Myrrha* and *Adah* we see La Guiccioli, and she is not entirely absent from the characters of Angiolina Faliero and Marina Foscari. Zarina recalls Lady Byron, and the mysterious Astarte is probably either Byron's half-sister, Augusta, or his early love, Mary Chaworth. The Byronic scepticism, the Byronic gloom, the Byronic rebel-

lion, pride and contempt for the rabble, the Byronic indolence and fatalism, even the individual misdeeds and personal sensitiveness of Byron—here we have all the material from which Byron's protagonists are constructed, and here we have Byron almost as strictly confined as was Shelley within the great Shelleyan triangle. Even although he was able, more than any of the greater Romanticists except Scott, to view life concretely instead of abstractly, it availed him not enough. Seeing life almost as it was, he was able to come closer to the heart of real tragedy than any other Romanticist. With him the struggle is not between abstract good and evil, as with Shelley and Godwin, nor between mere mental projections, as with Wordsworth and Coleridge, but between characters neither wholly bad nor wholly good and experiencing within themselves the world-old conflict of good and evil impulses. The protagonist falls because his view of life is one-sided; but the natural order which triumphs is not the natural order that we see prevail at the downfall of Macbeth, Iago and Edmund. A natural order of rebellious courts and corrupt governments is a natural order with which we can hardly be satisfied. Perhaps Byron the rebel could not bring himself to make his rebellious heroes fall before a natural order that was immutably right, for that would have been condemning himself. Because he had the objective viewpoint Byron did come very near to writing great drama, but because he was held like a vise in his own egotism he fell short of complete success.

The spirit of great drama rests at the centre of human nature and can be evoked only by a deep knowledge of humanity. For two or three underlying causes, all the early Romantic writers wandered away from the centre. Some, like Godwin, Wordsworth, Shelley and Coleridge, could not get beyond their own abstract ideas. Others, like Byron, could not get beyond their own personal qualities, and avoid presenting themselves again and again in their characters. Shelley partook of this failing also; in all his protagonists, from Prometheus to Beatrice, we find him idealizing his own best qualities. Some, like Scott, Coleridge in *Zapolya* and Lamb in *John Woodville*, turned back too ardently into the past or into foreign countries, forgetting dramatic truth in truth of setting, and forgetting that Shake-

speare, whether at Rome or Athens, presented always the Elizabethan Londoner. "Hang the age", exclaimed Lamb, "I will write for antiquity!"—and so he did, so far as the drama is concerned, along with several contemporaries. Some failed through an inadequate knowledge of humanity. How could Wordsworth, who retired from man into nature and knew few books; or Coleridge, who knew books but not men; ever hope to reach that intimate sympathy with normal human nature upon which great drama must be based? How could Shelley, who, according to Trelawny, "had seen no more of the working-day world than a girl at a boarding-school", and according to Byron had "a total want of worldly wisdom", ever really comprehend human nature? He realized himself that he could not. "As to real flesh and blood," he remarks in a passage that has been well-worn by subsequent quotation, "you know that I do not deal in those articles"—and his whole life and works show that this was true.

Hazlitt was right when he concluded that the spirit of the age ran counter to great drama. Impatience of the drudgery of mere technical craftsmanship; a distorted interest in the costumes, manners and theatrical forms of the past; a perverted view of a great dramatic model; an incorrigible interest in the abstract rather than the concrete; and that peculiar absorption in self known as Romantic egotism—all these elements, so characteristic of the age, are to be found in different combinations inhibiting even the greatest of the Romanticists from writing great drama. The same qualities that were responsible for much of the charm of Romantic lyric poetry and personal essays stood squarely between the Romanticists and the dramatic success which they sought.

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MOTHER OXFORD

The Rhodes Scholars of 1916 entered a war-time Oxford—a golden setting bereft of jewels. Although the spires and towers were still clustering-points of romance, Oxford was as a sleeping city of wonder, with life stilled in the quadrangles, a hush hovering over the cloisters. In and out of this desolate university-Oxford, nervous war-Oxford strode—marching men in khaki, limping ones in blue, hurrying figures in mufti worried and engrossed, occasional students attracting attention. Like a giant casting fallen into disuse, this mighty educational mould stood empty.

By this very emptiness, the mechanical structure of the old-world institution stood out in hard relief. A visitor at that time, without having his mind dazed with the manifold activities and complexity of normal, exuberant Oxford, could see more clearly the skeleton organization whereby certain objects of England's greatest educators are attained. Although spiritual Oxford is a power that baffles measurement, somewhat of a puzzle even to those who know it best, physical Oxford is often a thoroughly crystallized inheritance of experience, based on generations of brilliant success, a very definitely organized institution.

For example, there is nothing hazy about the college system, Oxford's most powerful pedagogical device. This system is a masterly compromise, the purpose being to secure the advantages of the small college as well as those of a cosmopolitan university. Broadly speaking, twenty-six colleges are federated into a mythical United Colleges of Oxford University, in a manner resembling our federation of states.

The overhead governing body, the university administration, has its offices, examination halls for the use of all, museum, Bodleian Library, Sheldonian Theatre, officials to keep the archives, but no sleeping-quarters and no dining halls. From the small college angle, Oxford contains twenty-six small institutions similarly organized, with similar broad policies, but differing in age, traditions, and in every possible way that does not interfere with the standards of the university as a whole. These

colleges are jealously maintained entities. The architectural plan of walling each college in from the city and from its neighbors with ramparts along whose tops spikes and broken glass are set in concrete, offers convincing evidence that the college is a thing unto itself. Every college is so protected, in each case the entrance and exit being through great barricaded gates or doors. In the daytime these portals are generally open, but at night after nine o'clock when "the door-closer of Oxford", the mighty bell in Tom Tower of Christ Church, booms 101 times to commemorate its 101 charter members, the college porters bolt the doors, and thereafter entrance is secured only by banging away until these dignitaries deign to open. Mother Oxford knows just when her boys come in at night, and if any of them spends the night out, there is much explanation necessary before forgiveness. Moreover, there are fines for staying out after nine: threepence from nine to ten; sixpence from ten to eleven; a shilling from eleven to twelve; and half-a-crown after twelve, with the assurance that one's name will be handed to the President by the porter in the morning.

Within this rampart a college is so organized that if necessary it could exist wholly within itself. For example, St. John's College has a President, a Senior Tutor corresponding to our dean, a Chaplain, and a faculty of dons and tutors teaching the courses in which the University of Oxford sets examinations and offers degrees. Within the walls are sleeping-quarters for dons and students, a dining-hall, kitchen and buttery, a chapel, a library, club-rooms, a porter's lodge, and one of the most beautiful gardens in England. In the outskirts of the city, the college has a sports ground, a broad expanse of greensward, holding two football fields and fifteen tennis-courts, with room for future growth. Although the colleges vary architecturally (for while Merton College has the quaintest library, Christ Church has the most famous hall, and Magdalen College possesses the chapel whose gray, ghostly tower has long been the symbolic acme of Oxford's beauty in buildings), still each of the twenty-six has the same kind of organization, dormitories, hall, chapel, library, club-rooms, lodge and garden, and each prefers inspiring architecture, at the same time practical, to cheaper, plain, business-

like structures. The authorities seem never to economize if any good influence on the students will have to be sacrificed in order to do so.

Although the colleges are so similar in idea, in actuality they seem very different. An Oxford man sees little in common between Christ Church and Keble. Some colleges are less than a century old, others run back to Crusading days for their foundation; one will excel in sports, another in scholarship, a third in comradeship. To Jesus College Welsh boys are accustomed to go, while at Corpus Christi only British are admitted. Some colleges have a Tory bent, others a Liberal, and of late years a few have had Labor Party supporters. While each college offers every course, some particular college, often on account of the residence and influence of certain dons, will excel in science, classics or law. As the years pass, college faculties change and with the faculty the policy. In other words, these colleges are not only entities, but they have personalities. A man's social life and athletic life are almost entirely those prescribed by his college. Within the walls a close intimacy exists between dons and students; students of every course are thrown together; a strong college spirit is kindled; and within a large cosmopolitan university, by stone walls and unsystematized traditions, many of the advantages of a smaller institution are secured.

The advantages of the large University are secured far more simply. Inspiring lectures are to be heard, experts who give the students a foretaste of authoritative books, often at the time not even in the press. The student-body, averaging about 3,500, includes turbaned undergraduates from India, Egyptians, Abyssinians, men from other Oriental lands, as well as Australians, Canadians, South Africans, Americans, and students from the European countries, especially those of the Scandinavian peninsula. In sports, University teams are selected from the best men in the colleges, and are coached by alumni; the club life represents every conceivable cause; in practice the student develops the double loyalty to college and to university, has two kinds of clubs, and plays on two kinds of teams if he is fortunate enough to qualify for a varsity side.

Oxford's second working compromise is in building a curricu-

lum which avoids extreme specialization, on the one hand, and, on the other, the so-called broadening course wherein many subjects are learned superficially. The authorities, seeking breadth and humanity, seem to have accomplished the miracle of gaining this breadth without at the same time sacrificing thoroughness. Honor Schools, leading to the B.A. degree, are established in the classics, mathematics, physics, chemistry, animal physiology, zoölogy, botany, geology, astronomy, engineering science, jurisprudence, medicine, modern history, theology, Oriental studies, English language and literature, and modern languages, any one of which may be studied exclusively toward the degree. The Oxford principle is to group kindred subjects leading to some definite broad field of work. In this limited field, the attempt is to offer something about everything, everything about some salient points, nothing extraneous. In this system, a student in the School of Modern Languages has no chance to take chemistry, nor may a student in law study Sanskrit except as extra work. Even in this limited field exhaustive work is only possible in special subjects. Sacrificing a superficial survey of human knowledge, the student secures a thorough working knowledge; nevertheless, this may not be called a system of specialization, for in practice it proves broadening. As an example of an Oxford course, in the School of English Language and Literature the complete work required for a B.A. degree after the preliminary examinations are passed, is the philology and history of the English language; the relation of English to the languages with which it is etymologically connected (Gothic, Old Saxon, Old Frisian, etc.); the history of English literature, of criticism, and of style in prose and verse, together with prescribed authors; and the history, especially the social history, of England during the periods of English literature which a candidate offers.

In this system the most precious trait is the large amount of freedom left the student and the amount of individual initiative required of him. He chooses his college, his field of work, and special subjects and periods in that field: having done so, he is apparently a free agent, for he may study when and where he pleases, attendance at lectures is not compulsory, and he is not subject to weekly quizzes and a complicated system of daily

grades. From the first the college dons treat the student as a man. There are, however, tightening devices, invisible yet exceedingly effective, which clamp the Oxford impress on the undergraduate. The most effective device, though, is decidedly visible—the student's tutor. At entrance, every undergraduate is assigned to a tutor, whom thereafter in term-time he must meet once a week throughout his college course, being advised by him what lectures to take, how to apportion his study through his years, and what he may expect on examination day. Generally this tutor gives a test each term on the work that he has assigned. In most schools he requires a thoroughly finished essay each week, worked out from either the sources or definitive authorities, never from survey treatises or popular textbooks. Oxford values this hour a week of private instruction highly, for the cost of the tutors is over double that of the lecturers. An American college business manager would gasp at the sum annually required to support these weekly consultations. At first the meetings are more or less formal, later often intimate. The student's knowledge is nurtured throughout all of them by Socratic questioning; he is given work suited to his temperament; and he is able to progress unhandicapped by the backwardness of others. What I liked best about my own tutor was that he made so admirable a barometer, generally cloudy, sometimes fair, now and again (especially late in the course when I was lagging a bit), decidedly stormy. By this scheme, the student has freedom to grow just as hot-house flowers have, with freedom under oversight, liberty within a well-defined circle, although, in some strange way, he is made to feel free, and qualities of initiative are developed by an apparent liberty exercised under conscientious supervision. Exactly how this is done is one of Oxford's many mysteries.

How the second tightening device, in Oxford called Collections, stirs the student to better work is by no means so mysterious. At the end of each term all the college dons, presided over by the Head of the college, gather in Hall about the high table, before which a vacant armchair stands. In groups throughout the day, the students are asked to the Hall, where they wait at the long tables as one by one they are summoned to the arm-

chair. When his name is read out, a student wearing his gown, with cap in hand, walks in the sight of all to the inquisition seat. The Head glowers over his spectacles, then asks solemnly the student's tutor to report on his work that term. This the tutor does with cold impartiality. After dry comments by the other dons, the Head questions the student about his work. By his long experience the Head is an even better barometer than the tutor. When the interview is finished, he registers with automatic accuracy the state of faculty feeling, as with a smile, a frown, a rebuke or a joke he dismisses the student, who with a sigh of relief hurries from the Hall to go down for vacation.

Psychologically, the most interesting appeal is made by the Pass and Honor School plan, which allows a student when he begins his university life to choose whether he will study a moderately heavy course or a severe one. In Modern History, for example, two grades of examinations are set, differing mainly in intensity, the Pass School examinations requiring less exhaustive work and less thorough preparation than those of the Honor School. Although B.A. degrees are given for both, honors may be secured only by the Honor School, which divides those who pass into four classes. A student securing a first-class has taken a long step toward success in England. Knowing human nature, the Oxford examiners have provided the Pass Schools for students attending university for general culture rather than for training in a specific field. Incidentally, since students must classify themselves in this manner, many a man early in his student career is made to commit himself to serious work. The very naming of these schools, Pass and Honor, is an incentive. A generation ago, sometimes half the undergraduates would take the moderate, cultural course: in the years just before the war, the psychological pressure had gradually brought it about that five-sixths of the undergraduates were pledging themselves to the Honors Schools.

Apart from this moral persuasion, the careful use of examinations is the keystone of the Oxford educational system. The preliminary examinations are not much different from those of America: the final examination in the Honors School, however,

is peculiarly Oxonian. This examination comes at the end of the whole course; it consists generally of about twelve papers of three hours each, so that a clear week is needed to cover the subject, one paper being given each morning and one each afternoon; throughout the course this final examination is the principal incentive to hard study. In great detail a student is prepared for what he may expect in the most read of Oxford handbooks, the *Examination Statutes*. In every book store copies of examinations for years back are offered for sale, and these students purchase greedily, thinking at first to spot questions, finding eventually that the questions are so constructed that the only hopeful preparation is a thorough one. Even in the early days, this examination hovers in the distance as an electric storm, flashes along the skyline, the distant rumbling forcing the undergraduate in the heyday of his college life to look up apprehensively. The weekly weather reports of our Chief Meteorologist, the Tutor, reek with prophetic gloom or desperate encouragement. Especially as the dreaded days draw near, the tenseness is increased, until a climax of apprehension is reached. During the last term, the roll of thunder is continuous. Just before the examinations there is a lull before the storm. For four days or a week before the actual trial the student is carefully warned to abandon study for rest and sport. Some go to the seaside; others to the country; a certain number take their pained enjoyment in Oxford; while a few, heedless of the tutorial advice, keep studying. To do so, however, is, in most cases, a mistake, a cramming is impossible, for the whole of the work on lectures and notes stretching over two years is often to be covered in the one set of examinations. It is safe to say that if a student has not focussed, sifted, sorted, revised, epitomized, and digested his work the week before the examinations, his chances of honors are slight. When the test begins, spontaneity and freshness are assets too valuable to be jeopardized by last-minute ransacking or countless notes. Knowledge so acquired becomes part of the body's tissue: what has to be mastered for such a spell of time is forgotten with difficulty. Concerning the usefulness to American universities of some of Oxford's methods, I have no convictions; but regarding the superiority of annual examina-

tions over terminal, or, what is worse, monthly tests, when these are in any sense final tests, I feel certain from my own experience that I profited more by the former method, which required me to be continually reviewing old material while I was acquiring new.

Brief mention should be made of a safety device which has been attached to these examinations in case from nervous strain or some other disability a student may not have done himself justice. This is an oral test, the *viva voce* examination, given every candidate after his written work is completed, conducted in a most kindly, equitable fashion.

Once in this Oxford mould, one finds the pressure never slackened. Striving to impress the undergraduates during leisure moments as well as in study time, Mother Oxford watches over them, waking or sleeping, eating or dressing, playing or working. Regarding sleep, the dictum is that each man must have a small unheated bedroom apart from his living-room. By no means must the bed be in the study-room. A second dictum is that each man must room alone—the room-mate idea is not encouraged, although in a few cases two small bedrooms adjoin a common sitting-room, and especial friends may take advantage of this arrangement. The Oxford way, however, is for each student to have a commodious 'sitter' and a small unheated 'bedder', whereby each man is in a limited way the master of a home, a home where he may have guests, invite his mother, sister, or sweetheart without embarrassment, where he may select his own friends, and where he need not fear that he may be paired off by the dean with a room-mate who would not be congenial, or who, although congenial, may not respect the times when he wishes to study. The desire for privacy is a very English idea.

In England, by the architectural plan of maintaining sturdy walls, hedges, and fences, the home is made an entity, a well-defined unit much in the way that the colleges are made units by the same plan; nor would the English understand the agitation, frequent in America, to tear down all the fences in a suburb in order to develop a better community-feeling. They would feel that they were sacrificing home-life for neighborliness, letting the animals in and the children out for the sake of

an inferior institution. Apparently this trait finds expression in the Oxford method of lodging students, and privacy is placed as a higher character-building quality than helter-skelter companionship. It is necessary to stress that in this plan the 'bedders' are small and unheated, for when some American colleges have tried this scheme they have failed to secure good results through making the bedrooms too large and comfortable, consequently lounging-places. The 'bedders' of Oxford are just large enough for a single bed, a wardrobe, and a washstand in most cases, and no money is wasted in heating or decorating them. It is the 'sitters' that receive attention. The rooms I occupied claimed Archbishop Laud as a former tenant. The sitting-room was oak-panelled, had deep-recessed windows with draped curtains, was sensibly furnished, well-carpeted, provided with electric ceiling light and study light, and was heated by a cheerful fireplace. In the hall-way was a coal and kindling bin, and pantry accommodation. A 'scout' (college servant) served meals and did the cleaning for eight or ten of such rooms.

Regarding the hours of eating the dictum is: "Man does not live by bread alone". Dining refectories, therefore, are unknown and the student has breakfast, lunch and tea in his 'sitter', alone if he wishes, and dinner he has in Hall with the students of his college and the college dons, who sit at the high table on a raised dais running across the upper end of the Hall. At breakfast it is the custom to have guests. This Oxford breakfast is a singular meal, full of cheery sociability, three or four congenial souls being invited, for whom the host carefully prepares his menu, and, more carefully still—for idle talk is an Oxford abomination—the line along which he intends the conversation to run, choosing topics to suit the likings of his guests. On paper this sounds cold-blooded and formal; in practice, though, the breakfast is a delightfully informal affair, from which a guest goes away feeling that he has spent an hour usefully and pleasantly. In contrast to breakfast, lunch is much more a food-meal, a light repast before the afternoon sports. At tea-time the student often has guests, but more often takes this meal in the pavilion with his team-mates, or at some club, where the day's doings in sports are likely to be discussed.

At dinner, when the students are seated at long tables running down the Hall from the high table of the dons, when the fire glows in the great mediæval fireplace and servants are hurrying in and out, the college corporate life is splendidly expressed before a sturdy three-course meal, made cheery with ale.

Sleeping and eating done, the day is left for studying, sport, and sociability. Oxford dearly loves outdoor sports. Between lunch and tea, dons and students follow a hobby, a health-giving recreation. The unwritten law is that each man be a sportsman, not merely an observer of sportsmen. Except in unusually important matches, spectators are rare. Everybody goes out, and boating, swimming, tennis, soccer, rugger, hockey, lacrosse, polo, hunting, cycling, golfing, walking, running and flying—each has its devotees. Sports are not compulsory; alumni coaching prevails; admission fees to important matches are never excessive; the college has a terminal athletic fee which is heavy; these are a few peculiarities of the system, but its great merit is that everybody plays every day.

Concerning club life, dramatics, debating and the like, these activities are sufficiently like those in American universities not to require separate discussion: there are college clubs and university clubs, literary and sporting clubs, classical, mediæval, modern, international, socialistic, conservative, æsthetic, economic, and cocktail clubs, clubs as multifarious as the cosmopolitan student-body demands.

Peculiarly English, however, is the formality with which customs in dress are observed. For class and lecture work, various types of gray flannel trousers and loose Norfolk jackets are worn. In sport, 'whites' are worn for tennis and on the river, 'shorts' for rugger and soccer, each sport having an appropriate costume with a special 'blazer', a flannel sports jacket bearing the college crest and colors. The players are particular in avoiding medley costumes; and a certain amount of pride is shown in keeping these garments fresh and clean. The athletes, however, are by no means fastidious: long ago the Englishman has ceased being self-conscious about his dress. He simply does things in what seems like decency and order to him. The most is made of evening dress. On Sundays and during vacations,

lounge suits are worn, but they seldom appear at other times. Hats are dispensed with whenever possible. Somehow as each activity has its mantle, with the passing of time the clothing reacts on the individual: his mind changes from study to sport and sport to formality variably with his garments. The dons are always seeking to know the philosophy of everything that stirs or stands, and it would seem that some faculty admirers of *Sartor Resartus* in the past developed an academic philosophy of clothes.

To do everything as it should be done at Oxford is a costly business, splendid but expensive, yet worth the cost. Twenty-six athletic fields are necessities, because every afternoon all are required; but twenty-six chapels and twenty-six chaplains; twenty-six dining-halls and kitchens; twenty-six sets of porters and college presidents; is there no place for economy here? Surely a student need not have all his meals but dinner served in his rooms, surely there need not be a servant for every ten students, and a tutor for every twenty-five; surely a student could study and sleep in the same room. Mother Oxford says 'No!' to all these suggestions. She refuses to make money economies at the expense of human values. Dominated by the idea that nothing sensible is too good for these young students, Oxford rebuffs the materialism of modern business methods. Sure of their ground, the dons defend their collegiate system, the tutorial method of instruction, and the elaborate organization for impressing with the Oxford stamp the sleeping, eating, playing and worshipping hours of the undergraduate, so that hasty reformers are apt to retreat dazed from the studded oak gates of these lovely old-world colleges.

Into this mould, after the Armistice, officers from the front and lads from the schools streamed. The animation of war died away. Once again in the mornings, tattered gowns were seen along the High, the Turl, and the Broad; in the afternoon three thousand boys, dons and students, enjoyed their play; in the evenings members of Parliament addressed the Union, clubs held their dinners, and the gala wheel of college society was once more set spinning. I returned to find, not a skeleton organization, but a throbbing organism. The multiplicitous

details of the life bewildered me. Color, tone, enthusiasm were there, an extraordinary tolerance of eccentricities, a certain amount of posing, conventions of respect for authority, fanatical outbursts for radical causes, conservative reactions, talking as Bolsheviks, living as Tories, a splendid sense of value and proportion, running through all of which were the jumbled mottoes: "Play up, play up, and play the game", "Manners makyth man!", "If it's worth doing at all, it's worth doing well". In term time Oxford's spiritual existence is complexity itself, traditions, ideals, visions, and habits all a *pot pourri* of the past, present, and future. I wish that I were capable of writing a real appreciation of this life. In the midst of this confusion, however, I recognized some of the old methods which I had noticed in 1916, irresistibly clamping the Oxford mould upon me; the purpose of these pedagogical devices became as real as life to me; and at the last, when *Enccœnia* was past, with a hood on my shoulders marking me an Oxford product, I came forth knowing my unworthy metal, but proud of the seal of Oxford stamped thereupon.

A year has passed and I am still proud; proud because I have such a grounded faith in Oxford's way of doing things. I firmly believe that this centuries-old institution has much to teach our younger schools. I see no reason why we should not adopt outright what has borne the test of time. In these days, when the German-American methods of the last generation have proven a snare, when our educators are writing in many quarters that reconstruction time has come, the experience of the English and French universities of long standing should be called to our aid. Wholesale imitation is undesirable, but if what is of general usefulness can be sifted from what is peculiarly Oxonian, good results are sure to be attained. Examinations covering all the work; the avoiding of herd-feeding; character-building ideas in dormitory construction; the collegiate as against the departmental system; the use of subjects as a means to an end and not the end itself; the offering of courses in which specialization as well as superficiality is avoided, and wherein a student studies freely and directly the chief subjects designed to train his mind for his life's work;—these and other specific

methods, on account of the extraordinary success they have had in a country akin in ideas and language to our own, seem worthy of careful consideration by those who direct American education.

LAWRENCE FAUCETT.

St. John's College, Oxford.

A PRAYER

Lord, may I be a wandering star,
When I have reached my greater life,—
Know alien suns, and planets far,
And tempests of creative strife.

Let me go forth from narrow ways,
From little streets, and household fires,
Freed from the count of measured days,
And from the clutch of small desires.

Show me the things I have not known
From some ecstatic mountain-height;
Lord, not to claim them for my own,
But for the hour's unchecked delight.

Show me some great and lonely road,
By vast auroral flashes lit,
Where souls that know no fixed abode
From rapture unto rapture flit.

Oh, let me journey without rest,
Be never weary, never still,
But follow an unending quest
With tireless force and gallant will.

Let me forget entangling things,
And be through boundless orbits hurled;
I, who have beaten helpless wings
In little cages of the world.

MARION COUTHOUY SMITH.

New York.

A MID-VICTORIAN CRITIC

If you glance at the frontispiece of his *Essays*, you will be likely to call him a "mid-Victorian". He looks out at you, quietly austere, as if from his desk at Trinity College. He wears that extraordinary scarf of the fifties, and his beard—to modern eyes—is a scandal. The face is serious, kindly. Beneath the portrait is scrawled: "Truly yours, George Brimley." Who was he?

The dedication on the next page tells us that he was the friend of Frederick Denison Maurice. And a hasty survey of the chapter-titles of the little green volume proves him to have been a critic of literature. This book is all that stands between George Brimley and oblivion. It has at least done that. These essays are concerned with great men of letters: Tennyson, Byron, Wordsworth, Patmore, Carlyle, Thackeray, Bulwer-Lytton, Dickens, Kingsley, John Wilson, and Comte. A humble book; but its essays, contributed to *Frazer's* and the *Spectator* in the fifties, have placed Brimley in the histories of English literature. In these he is always mentioned, and I have never known him to be mentioned without respect. "Had he been granted a longer life and better health", says Hugh Walker, "George Brimley might have made a great name." Brimley was not a great critic, but great critics are few. His position in English criticism is distinct and honorable.

That gentle—and orthodox—face suggests the mood of Brimley's life,—and of his criticism. It was a short life, only thirty-eight years; sheltered, but saddened by a terrible disease. He never wrote, so far as I know, a piece of creative literature. But he spent his life among books; handling them, reading them, and writing about them. Books were his work, his solace, his delight. There is little else to chronicle. His gentleness; his patience under suffering; his faith in accepted truths; his freedom from eccentricity;—these do not distinguish him from many others of his age. He was like many, too, in that he seems to have been unshaken by the subversive thought of his time. "I believe," says a friend, "he was an unusually good man, whose goodness was not always prominent to the ordinary observer, but who was,

intrinsically, faithful, true, brave, and affectionate." Brimley delighted in the peaceful contemplation of literature. In the essay on *Tennyson's Poems*, he writes of:—

"... those hours, with cultivated and genial friends, in which the cares of the world are shaken off, and the best memories of the past, the noblest aspirations, the gentlest feelings revive amid mountain and lake, for the votaries of ambition, science, or business."

If his picture and his biography persuade us that George Brimley may be conveniently classified as mid-Victorian, a reading of his book would probably rivet our conviction. His criticism is, first of all, *moral*. He believes that art should always teach us something. At times his essays seem a very fair brief for orthodoxy and the established religion; they might, we think, have received the imprimatur of any Christian bishop. Brimley is not sanctimonious; he merely tests literature by the ways of righteousness.

This makes a difference. A moral point of view in criticism cannot take the place of disinterestedness, and its presence makes parts of Brimley curious reading. The fault is obvious in *Tennyson's Poems*, his first essay. Brimley attacks the *Poems* of 1833 for their lack of ethical motive. A poet, we gather, who has Tennyson's "noble view of human character and destiny", should be more careful. Brimley could not find the text of *The Lady of Shalott*. Its beauty, so he declared, only makes us "more angry that so much skill in presenting objects should be employed upon a subject that can only amuse the imagination." Listen further to his solemn displeasure at Tennyson's early experiments in the lyric. *Fatima*, poor poem, had "neither beginning, middle, nor end". Who would not like to see *Fatima* more Aristotelian? or "airy, fairy Lilian" with a moral ending? Just here the browser in nineteenth-century criticism is likely to lay the book aside.

Piety of this sort weighs down a large part of the essay on Tennyson. The lesson of *The Palace of Art* is imperfect,—a criticism which sent Mr. Saintsbury into a paroxysm. Tennyson has given us only "a catalogue *raisonnée*, richly illuminated". The interest of the poem should have been placed "upon the de-

velopment of the law in operation". Brimley thinks *The Gardener's Daughter* a perfect epithalamion. His praise is long drawn out and full of linked sweetness. The following rhapsody is typical of Brimley's softer style:—

"Mr. Tennyson's glory is to have portrayed passion with a feminine purity,—to have spiritualized the voluptuousness of the senses and the imagination by a manly reverence for woman's worth, and a clear intuition of 'the perfect law of liberty' through which the true humanity develops itself in the form and condition of an animal nature. He religiously observes the sanctities of love, and in graceful pictures"—

upholds the saints and the sacred traditions of the fathers, one almost adds in weariness. The trouble is that Brimley's sermons, while profound, are monotonously alike. *Locksley Hall, Love and Duty, The Princess*,—all illustrate for Brimley "universal laws of life".

In the other essays Brimley continues to sound the loud timbre of righteousness. He recognizes a hardness in Wordsworth's nature, but this eulogy might be placed, with changed names, in any hagiology, so worshipful is the critic's attitude. The study of Wordsworth is largely biographical, and some extreme tributes to the poet's personal life have an ironical sound now in these days of unsparing research. The essay on *The Angel in the House* shows Brimley's moral tendency altered into something rich and strange,—strange at least for literary criticism. The paper has thirty-three pages. The poem under consideration is mentioned first on the twenty-ninth page, and sketchily described for the remaining four pages. The first twenty-eight pages form a dithyrambic on the happiness of married life, including philippics against triangle situations and betrothed couples. An engaging discussion, if you like, of the state ordained in man's innocence, but a top-heavy introduction to a review of four pages.

Brimley cannot get away from the moral point of view. In *Carlyle's Life of Sterling*, the first of the briefer essays, he takes offence at Carlyle's emphasis upon Sterling's heterodoxy. He thumps Bulwer-Lytton roundly for falsely representing English

social conditions. This is a severe arraignment from Brimley, usually so mild:—

“Dandy literature and superfine sensibilities are tokens and causes of a degenerate art and an emasculate morality ; and among offenders in this way none has sinned more, or is of higher mark for a gibbet, than the author of *My Novel*.”

Dickens and John Wilson, Brimley thinks, sacrifice too much to be entertaining, and Comte he places, naturally, in outer darkness. Indeed, Brimley is rather helpless before strongly original or speculative thought. He fancies that Byron's wild performance was designed to show mankind the folly of rebellion. And Comte shocks him so deeply that his reply is hardly sensible. He reverts not to logic, but to pious hope ; to what all our wishes bid us believe, but concerning which we do not know.

“If a practical test of the positive creed be wanted, there is one ready at hand. Let any one follow to the grave the wife, the child, the parent he has loved and lost, and seek to comfort himself by the reflection that the loved one is absorbed in the *grand être*—in the totality of organized life, life existing through all time in the universe. No!”

Brimley's emotion is noble, but it is not a reply to Comte. One can guess the reply of John Stuart Mill to logic of this kind.

Brimley seems more characteristic of the period in still another way,—his manner of writing. The digression of twenty-eight pages in the essay on Patmore has been noticed. It makes one cry out in painful recognition: “*Fraser's!*” or “*The Edinburgh!*” Anyone who has read these periodicals has wondered about the connection between caption and contents. But Brimley's kinship with a popular style is more pronounced in his diction. The far-flung sentences ; the array of words ; the defensive tone,—these were commonplaces of the writing of the day. Brimley's manner is too humble. Even when his judgment is most acute, he is apologetic. There is too little fight in him. He weakens his admirable defence of *Maud* by timidity in the face of the adjectives “morbid” and “hysterical”. But, most of all, notice the elaborate manner, the phrase piled upon phrase. The curses of *Locksley Hall* are—

"not the poisonous exhalations of a corrupted nature, but the thunder and lightning that clear the air of what is foul, the forces by which a loving and poetical mind, not yet calmed and strengthened by experience and general principles, repels unaccustomed outrage and wrong. With what a rich emotion he recalls his only recollections! Sea, sandy shore, and sky have been for him a perpetual fountain of beauty and joy, his youth a perpetual feast of imaginative knowledge and pictorial glory."

Here occurs a large section of the poem. Then more exclamations:—

"With what a touching air of tenderness and protection he watches the young girl whom he loves in secret, and whose paleness and thinness excite his pity as well as his hope. How rapturously—"

But I break off exhausted; there is still another page of this threnody.

Elsewhere is a fusillade of nouns and adjectives to convey one fact,—that Wordsworth admired Desdemona:—

"In all that mighty symphony of maidenly admiration, [Brimley remarks of Shakespeare,] of manly love, of stately age, of vigorous youth, of calm domestic peace, of 'the pride, pomp, circumstance of glorious war', of boundless faith, of agonising jealousy, of wrath, hate, fondness, and despair, all blending into one complex devouring passion, he knew but the simple melody of the flute. In that woof of death. . . . that marvellous and many-sided sided picture. . . ."

Is all this captious? Why should a respectable writer be so exhibited many years after his work is done? Because it is important to notice that, in spite of these faults, George Brimley has a distinct place in English criticism. What I have to say in Brimley's behalf cannot counterbalance in mere space all that has been said of his faults: that he applies the moral test too frequently; that he is prolix and sentimental. But the defence outweighs the prosecution; it exhibits in Brimley the first quality essential to a good critic.

This, even with all his "mid-Victorianism"! But before we examine this critical power it is well to modify our broad classification

of Brimley. His faults were real enough. They are what we like to call 'mid-Victorian' faults. Sometimes in reading of the fifties it seems that they were more obvious then than at any other period. And yet—last night I read an English review which was nothing if not 'mid-Victorian'. The truth is that these faults are of all time. I believe that I could point out some excellent Greeks, Romans, Elizabethans, and moderns who are 'mid-Victorians', as we absurdly use the term. Brimley would have been Brimley, whatever the age.

His power lay in this: he penetrated with unusual insight the enduring qualities of his contemporaries. It is noteworthy that all his criticisms dealt with writers who are now receiving their real rating; he was concerned with the great Victorians. In almost every case, in spite of moral bias and verbiage, his verdict is that of posterity. In the babel of criticism in the fifties his was one of the few voices to speak the truth.

Take, for instance, *Tennyson's Poems*, Brimley's best essay. In the forties readers bought Tennyson's poems, but it must be remembered that many powerful critics were hostile. During these years Tennyson had a severe struggle for recognition. Carlyle opposed him; so did Fitzgerald; and Taine. *Maud*, of which Brimley writes so discerningly, was especially unpopular. Brimley tells his readers very definitely why Tennyson is great. We must forget his mannerisms and observe carefully what he says of the successive editions of the poems. It will then be found that his analysis of such a poem as *Mariana* is sympathetic and sound.

"The minute enumeration of detail is an excellence, because no other means could so forcibly mark the isolation, the morbid sensitiveness, and the mind vacant of all but misery. . . . The landscape expresses the mood of the mind that contemplates it."

Brimley arrived at such judgments independently, and he spoke out.

Brimley wrote as significantly of Wordsworth, although in the forties this poet was more firmly established than Tennyson. Wilson, among others, had proclaimed him, with Scott and Byron, "one of the three great master-spirits of our day in the

poetical world". Yet it was not many years since Jeffrey was saying: "This will never do", when he was declaring that the *Ode on Intimations of Immortality* was illegible and unintelligible, and the *Ode to Duty* meaningless. What Jeffrey had said was still believed or felt instinctively by many readers: "the debasement of childish language, mean incident, and incongruous images". The influence of Brimley's essay on Wordsworth is difficult to measure; it was probably not widespread. But the credit is none the less Brimley's to have seen clearly and spoken wisely concerning a poet who even now is somewhat misunderstood.

Brimley's other judgments wear well. Who will quarrel with this passage on Thackeray?—

"*Esmond* will, we think, rank higher as a work of art than either *Vanity Fair* or *Pendennis*; because the characters are of a higher type, and drawn with a greater finish, and the book is more of a complete whole: not that we anticipate for it anything like the popularity of the former of these two books, as it is altogether of a graver cast, the satire is not so pungent, the canvas is far less crowded, and the subject is distant and unfamiliar; and may be, its excellence will not help it to a very large public."

Moreover, on the art of criticism itself Brimley is curiously in advance of the other critics who preceded Matthew Arnold. This seems, indeed, like a premature word from Arnold on a favorite subject:—

"As to questions of form we have already stated that rhythm, metre, and all that constitutes the mode of expression rather than the substance . . . are spontaneous, natural signs of a singer's emotion. . . . All then we have to ask ourselves in reference to the form of a particular poem is, whether it does so express the emotion of the writer, and what quality and degree of emotion it expresses—that of a great soul raised to the height of a subject, or of a little soul vainly striving to warm its thin blood, but puny, starved, and shivering, even in the presence of the central fires of the universe."

If Brimley is here abreast of Matthew Arnold, he is ahead of him in another judgment. He foresaw the immortality of Shelley.

To appreciate Shelley's poetry is one thing; to tell why is another. It was Matthew Arnold's misfortune as a critic to fail signally in both regards: to find little in his poetry to admire, and to prophesy of him falsely. Arnold had no doubt that Byron would outlive Shelley, who was, he declared, "as incoherent as darkness itself". The understanding of the humbler critic went deeper. We will leave our 'mid-Victorian' with his tribute to Shelley, a tribute worthy in its fine flight of imagination, and in its truth, of any critic of the nineteenth century. It explains better than any single passage why Brimley will live as a critic of literature:—

"After the passions and the theories which supplied Shelley with the subject-matter of his poems have died away and become mere matters of history, there will still remain a song, such as mortal man never sung before, of inarticulate rapture and of freezing pain,—of a blinding light of truth and a dazzling weight of glory, translated into English speech, as coloured as a painted window, as suggestive, as penetrating, as intense as music."

STANLEY T. WILLIAMS.

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A SPANIARD ON SPAIN'S MANIFEST DESTINY¹

Angel Ganivet's curious little study of his country's international position was completed in Helsingfors in October, 1896. It has lately appeared in an admirable German version, the work of Albert Haas, who is busily engaged in the translating and editing of Spanish classics for a Munich publisher. Germany owes Spain a debt of gratitude which she is repaying partly in literary obeisances.

Ganivet was a restless young Spaniard who lived for some years in the north of Europe, and who committed suicide in Riga before he was forty years old. He is sceptical of the benefit of machinery and modern material devices in general (Spain, it will be recalled, has shown no bent in such directions), he is convinced that Velasquez is the world's most gifted artist and Cervantes the world's noblest poet, and he is confident that a nation of individualists (*i. e.*, Spain) has more to offer the cause of civilization than nations of well-drilled soldiers and industrious artisans. Many of his pages of national comparisons are full of interest and suggestion:—

"Odysseus is the typical Greek. We find in him all the virtues of the Aryan, good-sense, persistence, energy and self-restraint, joined to the slyness and never-failing inventiveness of the Semite. If we compare him with any leader of German peoples we shall see . . . how much the Greek spirit took from the Semite. . . . Our Odysseus is Don Quixote. . . . If we seek a modern Odysseus outside of Spain, we shall find none higher than the Anglo-Saxon Odysseus, Robinson Crusoe. The Italian Odysseus has a theological bent, and is Dante himself. The German Odysseus is a philosopher, that is to say, Doctor Faustus. And neither of these two is an Odysseus in flesh and blood. Robinson Crusoe is a real Odysseus, but a very insignificant one, since his Semitism is dull, shining as it does only with borrowed light. His inventiveness shows only in his struggle with Nature. He is able to rebuild a material civiliza-

¹ Angel Ganivet: *Spaniens Weltanschauung und Weltstellung*. München: Georg Müller Verlag. 1921.

tion. He is a man who strives for power, for the exercise of external authority over other men. But his soul lacks the gift of expression, and cannot come into understanding touch with other souls. Sancho Panza would be a Robinson Crusoe if he had learned to read and write. And Robinson Crusoe, if fortune had not favored him, could have sung small and shrunk to be squire to Don Quixote."

But what is Spain to do to gain (or regain) the position of spiritual command which the world's good as well as her own healthful development demands? Here Ganivet is very reasonable. Nothing can be accomplished by force or scheming. Spain has not the colonizing gift, like England (remember that this book was written two years before the war with the United States). She has alternately made the mistakes, herself a peninsular power, of attempting the violent insular tactics of Great Britain and the continental intrigues of the close-packed countries of central Europe. A peninsular nation is isolated, but not everywhere protected by a wall of water, like an island. Spain must live alone, but on her guard, and win the regard of other nations by the charm of her spirit. She needs Portugal and Gibraltar, it is true, but moral suasion is her only weapon with which to win them. As to Latin-America, it is a group of younger sisters, and although the idea of a universal sisterhood of nations is Utopian, the idea of preferential relations among certain sympathetic nations is a perfectly feasible one. Regionalism, too, is a grievous error. Regionalism came near losing Spain to the Arabs, long ago, and may eventually ruin her.

Spain has not, and never had, a real talent for conquest, for political intriguing, for leadership in industry or commerce. Spain's influence, Ganivet maintains, is "ideal, like that of the Greeks on the Romans". And when we recall what a respectable literary and artistic showing this so-called 'decadent' state is making even now, as compared, say, with the indifferent output of her prosperous young relatives in the Western Hemisphere, we are inclined to follow his argument with a good deal of respect.

ROY TEMPLE HOUSE.

The University of Oklahoma.

BOOK REVIEWS

MODERN AMERICAN PLAYS. Collected, with Introduction, by George P. Baker, Professor of Dramatic Literature, Harvard University. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 1920. Pp. x, 544.

REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN PLAYS. Edited, with Introductions and Notes, by Arthur Hobson Quinn, The University of Pennsylvania. New York: The Century Company. 1920. Pp. 969.

REPRESENTATIVE PLAYS BY AMERICAN DRAMATISTS. Volumes I and III. Edited, with an Introduction to Each Play, by Montrose J. Moses. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 1918 and 1921. Pp. 678 and 926.

MASTERPIECES OF MODERN SPANISH DRAMA. Edited, with a Preface, by Barrett H. Clark. Cincinnati: Stewart Kidd Company. 1922. Pp. vii, 290.

Any examination of dramatic anthologies that touch or include actable modern material must tend to justify the opinion of such different men as Hardy and Maeterlinck that the closet or subjective drama is now to have its full right and opportunity, despite Professor Quinn's contention that "its significance is slight compared to that of the acted play". After all, what is a drama? A play is not great *first of all* because it is actable, but because it is finely imagined and capably created. We are beginning to suspect playhouse plausibility. A drama is, indeed, a selective, intensified imitation or reproduction of human experience, in which the social significance of motives, actions, consequences, and individual interrelations is woven into a perceptible pattern by means of words, tones, gestures, postures, and the play of features. But it does not always require a concrete theatre. A play which I see presented upon the stage, thinks Maeterlinck, seems to me always a lie. An æsthetic lie, he means, and he means, too, that the cultured imagination provides for itself a far more satisfactory stage than can any theatre.

"N'est-il pas évident que le Macbeth ou l'Hamlet que nous voyons sur la scène ne ressemble pas au Macbeth ou à l'Hamlet du livre? Qu'il a visiblement retrogradé dans le sublime? . . . *Lear, Hamlet, Othello, Macbeth, Antoine et Cléopâtre*, ne peuvent être représentés, et il est dangereux de les voir sur la scène. Quelque chose d'Hamlet est mort pour nos du jour où nous l'avons vu mourir sous nos yeux.

Le spectre d'un acteur l'a détrôné, et nous ne pouvons plus écarter l'usurpateur de nos rêves."

Whoever saw, indeed, a finally or even a largely satisfying Hamlet?¹ Peacock tells us of Shelley that, with one exception, "I do not remember his having been pleased with any performance at an English theatre."

This dramatic pattern of which we have spoken is not indeed the pattern of life itself (which is much too involved to be identifiable), but resembles and suggests life, as a leaf suggests a tree, a tree a forest, a forest a landscape. It is mimic, miniature life, packed with elastic symbols which the reader's or spectator's sympathetic imagination may expand at will.

Modern American Plays is a disappointing collection. It contains five dramas: *As a Man Thinks*, by Augustus Thomas; *The Return of Peter Grimm*, by David Belasco; *Romance*, by Edward Sheldon; *The Unchastened Woman*, by Louis K. Ans-pacher; and *Plots and Playwrights*, by Edward Massey. None of these has any claim to greatness of conception or of treatment, although the plays of Mr. Belasco and Mr. Sheldon show a good deal of practical craftsmanship. The other three rest back fatiguedly on a dead level of mere mediocre cleverness, nor does their surface brilliance possess even freshness or originality, while as social thesis plays they get us nowhere. *The Return of Peter Grimm*, while, like the rest, constructed rather than created, does possess a fine sincerity of tone and worth of characterization.

Professor Quinn's volume was first published in October, 1916, but is now revised in its annotations and bibliography. It contains twenty-five plays, dating from 1767 to 1911. No play is included which has not had actual and professional stage representation. The editing is well done, but we can hardly agree that all the plays "justify themselves on the score of their intrin-

¹ Professor Baker, in his Introduction to *Modern American Plays*, rather gives the professional actor's case away when he affirms that "the drama is a collaborative art, and no rôle—even Hamlet or Lear—is seen at its best till an actor of such sensitiveness and matured technique plays it that not merely what the text obviously says, but its slightest implications are revealed." Can any actor go so far?

sic excellence". The collection is of far more value as a convenient source-book for the historical study of the drama in America than as an anthology of really meritorious material. With one or two exceptions, we think the contemporary material poorly chosen, but in the case of Clyde Fitch this was apparently unavoidable.

Mr. Moses's two portly volumes are the first and third of a series which covers more elaborately the same field. In the first volume, embracing the Colonial and Revolutionary sections, are included the three conspicuous plays that begin Professor Quinn's list,—Godfrey's *The Prince of Parthia*, Tyler's *The Contrast*, and Dunlap's *André*, but Mr. Moses gives us eight eighteenth-century plays as against Professor Quinn's three. The bibliographies and perhaps too laudatory editorial introductions are, in general, painstaking, and the portraits of authors and reproductions of original title-pages add much to the reader's interest. In their selections the two editors agree on only four of the plays written since 1855 (of which four, Boker's *Francesca da Rimini*, discussed by Professor John C. Metcalf in *THE SEWANEE REVIEW* for January, 1921, is easily the best), but Professor Quinn includes specimens of the work of William Vaughn Moody and Percy MacKaye and Edward Sheldon, all of whom should have been represented, we think, in Mr. Moses's volume also, although Moody's acting plays will not endure as will his *The Masque of Judgment* and *The Fire-Bringer*. Langdon Mitchell's nervously flippant play, *The New York Idea*, might have been advantageously omitted by both editors, and the work of Augustus Thomas, represented by both Professors Baker and Quinn, and by Mr. Moses, however helped by stage glamor, is of dubious artistic sincerity. To put the matter frankly, the American dramatic genius has not as yet produced a play authentically great, although some of the contemporary one-act plays show growing power. There may be some psychological connection between this fact and American success in the field of the short-story.

Masterpieces of Modern Spanish Drama is a new edition of a very useful book that first appeared five years ago. It contains

three plays,—*The Great Galeoto*, by José Echeragay; *The Duchess of San Quentin*, by Benito Pérez-Galdós; and *Daniela*, by Angel Guimerá, the Catalan nationalist. If these men are not precisely modernists, at any rate they are transitionists. In point of resourceful knowledge of his art, Echeragay is chief of them, although he relies too much upon Calderon as his master in tragedy, losing thus in vitality what he gains in deviceful tradition. His work is at times overstrained and melodramatic, but he has written sparkling if somewhat unspontaneous comedy after Dumas and Scribe. *El Gran Galeoto*, like most of his work, is problem drama, but it has a sound enough psychology of event, if not always of character, and develops a really memorable *dénouement*. *The Duchess of San Quentin*, although obviously influenced by Ibsen, rather surprises by its socializing quality, for contemporary Spanish drama in general is capably realistic or finely poetic, rather than interested in social problems. The present play, however, has the touch, also characteristic of its time and group, of the conscientious technician. *Daniela* is a person-play of no little understanding, but suffering from a too palpable manufacture of 'situations'. The editorial addenda are concise and appropriate, but we regret that one of the fine plays of Jacinto Benavente could not have been included. G. H. C.

MARY STUART. By John Drinkwater. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1921. Pp. 73.

OLIVER CROMWELL. By John Drinkwater. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1921. Pp. 96.

SEEDS OF TIME. By John Drinkwater. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1922. Pp. 68.

Although Mr. Drinkwater is only forty years old, he has already more than a score of books—poems, plays and critical essays—to his credit. He is, of course, best known in America by his drama, *Abraham Lincoln*, which, despite all adverse criticism, remains an excellent person-play in point of total impression. Mr. Drinkwater properly yet almost superfluously explains his purpose as that of the dramatist, not of the historian, nor of the political philosopher. The same explanation is applicable to his

treatment of Mary Stuart and of Oliver Cromwell, in the latter of whom, particularly, he has been imaginatively interested for many years, for in both cases he takes many liberties with history for the sake of building up a credible and impressive psychology of the woman and the man in themselves.

Credible and impressive, for these little dramas skilfully disengage certain probable human qualities of their central figures. *Mary Stuart*, through a cleverly wrought induction and postlude, actually relates the fateful queen's experience to a problem of contemporary life. "Mary Stuart", says Mary of herself, "was a queen of love, but she had no subjects. She was Love's servant, but she found no lord." And again: "I am not Mary Stuart—she is a dream unspelt. I am nothing. There should have been a queen, and I am nothing." Riccio, Darnley, Bothwell,—"a barren stock of lovers"—are intensely felt here by interpreter and reader alike. The weariness of Mary even in the face of tragedy, her longings and disillusion, her regal self-repressions,—these impel the few dialogues and the grim little scenes and silences that constitute this evoked echo of a jealous and stealthy past.

Oliver Cromwell is a less subtle but more stirring study. No doubt Mr. Drinkwater's hero is too smooth and reasonable for the Cromwell of history. He does not burn and agonize, and is rather too fond of the neatly turned phrase and the architecture of speech and letter. And it is an obvious weakness in so short a drama that it covers a period of fifteen years, perhaps an almost unavoidable defect in any effort to develop Cromwell dramatically, resulting in episode and broken panorama rather than in organic creation. *Abraham Lincoln*, although also episodic, has the advantage of a five-year's time-scheme and of an implied or expressed enveloping action that makes for unity, but *Oliver Cromwell* has no convincing background beyond the wills, the opinions and the experiences of Cromwell and his household and nearest associates. Even the Commons debates seem more phonographic than actual. Nevertheless, the play has really powerful dramatic moments, as in the lessening of the Earl of Bedford's agents, the scene that follows the fortunes

of the Battle of Naseby, the conversation between Charles and Cromwell at Hampton Court, and the reportorial account of the regicide. Browning's *Strafford* and Dickinson's *From King to King* are somewhat fairer to Charles than is Mr. Drinkwater. Mrs. Cromwell, Oliver's mother, despite her burdening years, is easily the most alive and interesting person in the play save her son. Of the many quotable sayings perhaps Cromwell's remark touching liquor legislation has the most timely interest: "I respect not such ill reasoners as would keep all wine out of the country lest men should be drunk."

We expect much in the lyric field from the man who has written such poems as *Reciprocity*, *A Town Window*, *The Common Lot*, *History*, *Holiness*, *Immortality*, *The Vagabond*, *The Traveller*, *A Man's Daughter*, *Wordsworth at Grasmere*, *Moonlit Apples*, *Nocturne*, *Responsibility*, *Character* and *Moonrise*; and in the present volume, *Seeds of Time* (see *Macbeth*, i, 3, 58), we find the same grave, kind, "sad sincerity", the same slow-cadenced meditations, the same sympathy with the best traditions of the English lyric on its mystical and intellectual side that have hitherto characterized this thoughtful writer's utterance. The twelve Shakespearean sonnets called *Persuasion* possess an especially memorable beauty, and finely illustrate Mr. Drinkwater's power to maintain a true poetic partnership between passion and reserve.

G. H. C.

TERRESTRIAL AND CELESTIAL GLOBES: THEIR HISTORY AND CONSTRUCTION. By Edward Luther Stevenson. Two volumes. New Haven: Yale University Press. Published for the Hispanic Society of America.

In these two handsome volumes, Mr. Stevenson has made one of the most notable contributions in the field of carto-bibliography. In fact, it is not hard to predict that this work must take its place beside those volumes of Lelewel and Nordenskiöld that opened up this new and delightful branch of study. Here is given in a lucid and pleasant form a connected account of the art of globe-making, together with its various manifestations in Europe from the Greeks to modern times. While particular studies have been made in this field (Ravenstein's *Martin Behaim*,

for instance), and general surveys of cartography have included a discussion of globes incidentally, Mr. Stevenson's is the first that essays a complete narrative. The admirers of the author's work will not be disappointed with the result. The documentation, so far as we have been able to ascertain, is extraordinarily exact. The editing is done with a painstaking care that speaks high for the author's scholarship. This book strengthens the conviction that America has a worthy representative among that group of European students of cartography that includes such honored names as D'Avezac, Hârrisse, Jomard, Marcel, Fiorini, Fisher, Beazely, Lelewel, and Nordenskiöld.

The discussion here is necessarily brief up to the fifteenth century and does not reach its full stride until the author has such powerful figures as Behaim, Mercator, Hondius and the Blaeus to conjure with. The consideration of Greek globe-making must, for the most part, be conjectural (there is only one ancient globe extant, the so-called Farnese marble globe of the heavens supported on the shoulders of a Hercules), as also must be that of the Middle Ages. Mr. Stevenson holds to the opinion—and it is possible that examples may yet substantiate the view—that Christian Europe of the Middle Ages displayed a wider acquaintance with geography and astronomy than is generally believed. Certainly, it was the opinion not so long ago that the Arabs alone kept the pure flame burning during this whole 'dark' period. It is true that there are Arabian celestial globes for this age in existence and that none made in the Christian workshops has been discovered, but that the Venerable Bede, Pope Silvester II, and Alfonso X among others, were acquainted with this phase of cartography is amply indicated by the familiarity and detail with which the whole subject is handled in their writings.

The tempo quickens, however, with the dawn of the modern period. The geographic revival in the fifteenth century brought in its train a whole host of new Ptolemies printed in almost every country of Europe. And in 1492 Martin Behaim's "Erdapfel", the oldest terrestrial globe that we have, made its appearance. This globe, a hollow sphere twenty inches in diameter, is extremely inaccurate and shows no knowledge of

the contemporary Portuguese discoveries, even should one be inclined to treat leniently the errors of commission. But like all cartography of this period, the coloring is vivid with life and the miniatures and flags that fill in the vast empty spaces are a perennial delight to the eye. Martin Behaim has been called a "cosmographical dilettante", a characterization apparently quite just.

The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries found workshops in Italy and the Netherlands turning out excellent examples of the globe-maker's skill. There come to mind such names as Waldseemüller (whose map of 1507, made in the little monastery of St. Dié, was the first to bear the name America); Tycho Brahe the astronomer; Schöner; and of course, Mercator, Hondius and the Blaeus. It is curious to observe the effects of contemporary geographic notions on the character of these globes. Mr. Stevenson has pointed out that while the globes of the first quarter of the sixteenth century represented the newly discovered continents of North and South America as distinct land masses with an ocean between the two, the globes of the next twenty-five years portrayed the Western Hemisphere as a prolongation of the Asiatic Continent. It was due to the influence of Mercator's work in the last half of the century that men's ideas were finally clarified about the true relationship of the Americas, both to the old world and to each other.

The two volumes are fully illustrated. There are whole page reproductions of many of the more important globes and globe-makers. One regrets, however, that Mr. Stevenson could not see his way clear to a fuller or more exact presentation of some of his illustrative material. Although general land contours are easily discernible on the plates, the inquirer is compelled to turn to the text itself for the deciphering of inscriptions or the reading of texts. It is a pity that the author did not consider publication in folio form of either both text and globes, after the example of Nordenskiöld's beautifully lucid volumes, or at least of the atlas alone. In this case, one cannot help reverting to the excellent atlas accompanying Lelewel's *La Géographie du Moyen Age*. The Polish historian considered his plates of such great importance that he engraved them himself, fearing the heavy hand of the uninitiated lay artist.

As already said, however, Mr. Stevenson's generous citations supply much of this deficiency. All in all, these volumes are a credit to American scholarship and form a permanent and important contribution. The bibliographies, tables of globes and globe-makers (in which something like 850 globes are listed), and the index, are particularly praiseworthy. Mention must also be made of Mr. C. S. Rollins, under whose supervision the volumes are printed. The Yale Press here has given us a glimpse of the heights which American book-making is capable of reaching.

LOUIS MORTON HACKER.

Brooklyn, New York.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE THEORY OF RELATIVITY. By L. Bolton. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 1921. Pp. x, 177.

When the writer of this notice first read Mr. Bolton's prize-winning essay in the *Scientific American*, while he himself was somewhat fortified by having read a number of books and articles on the subject, he felt that to the layman trying for the first time to ascertain what is meant by Einstein's Relativity, this essay could not prove satisfactory. This is really no reflection on so concise an effort, for what more could be expected when it was limited to three thousand words? Be this as it may, the little volume before us makes an intricate matter so clear that we forget any vagueness or lack of clearness in the shorter essay. The object of the author, as he announces in his preface, is to enable the reader to get the *general drift* of the subject. "The object is to show that the conclusions of the subject develop easily and naturally out of the search for a general mode of statement of physical laws."

Mr. Bolton has succeeded admirably in doing this while making use of only very elementary mathematics. The first eleven chapters deal with the Restricted Theory of Relativity, and physical and mechanical laws leading up to it. In Chapter XII is begun the discussion of the General Principle of Relativity, and in Chapter XVIII the Gravitation Theory is taken up. A feature of the book is the summary at the end of each chapter, which will be found most helpful. In such a brief notice as

this it is clearly impossible to do justice to this volume. Of all the treatments that the writer has read, he does not hesitate to say that, in his opinion, the layman will find this book by Mr. Bolton the clearest and most satisfying. S. M. B.

THE MANUALE SCHOLARIUM. Translated by Robert Francis Seybolt, Associate Professor of the History of Education in the University of Illinois. Cambridge and New York: The Harvard University Press. 1921. Pp. 122, including Appendix and Bibliography.

The *Manuale*, of unknown authorship, first appeared in 1481. For the next several centuries it had a *succès de fou*. Edition after edition was brought out. Professor Seybolt's excellent translation into fluent, colloquial English makes it accessible to the American public, and sooner or later it will find its way into a great many college libraries. The book deals with university life.

In form it is a series of dialogues, touching the registration and initiation of new students; the "special treatment" (of which this is the first notice) accorded to freshmen (who were then called 'beani') by the old students; undergraduate views of exercises and lectures ('cuts' were popular then, too, and stringent regulations had to be passed by the university); methods and courses of study, with the requirements for the degree of *Artium Baccalaureus*; poetry and law; students' recreations; table talk; quarrels among students; examinations; university regulations; girls; "how the student ought to reply when questioned concerning the customs of the university"; matters of good form; etc., etc. In short, no college annual ever gave so complete a survey of student life and thought. Even though these were students of the Middle Ages, human nature has not altered greatly, except that freshmen now have less indignity to endure, an easier gauntlet to run, before being admitted to "the privileges of the university". The original is not in the best Ciceronian Latin, and in this translation one or two mistakes of interpretation have been cleared up. The content of the book far outweighs its form. There is no denying that, in spite of the fact that the book raises about as many questions as it set-

tles, original documents have a value apart from their indubitable interest, and this translation, with its appendix and bibliography, is not only very readable but is a valuable contribution to the study of the Middle Ages and the history of education.

— J. B. E.

MORAL THEORY: AN INTRODUCTION TO ETHICS. By G. C. Field, Lecturer in Philosophy in the University of Liverpool. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 1921. Pp. 214.

After using Kant and Aristotle as his stalking-horses, the author attempts "tentatively and provisionally", as he modestly—and wisely—puts it, a somewhat slight constructive effort of his own. His style is remarkably simple, and some would say the same for his conclusions. To say that one is trying for a "synthesis" is one thing: to achieve even a 'little one' would be a great deed, considering the age of the problem, which is as respectable as it is long-suffering. But it may be that Mr. Field's precious construction is not only a 'little one', but illegitimate. Let the reader decide. Is it 'new' to say that the problem of conduct and moral attitude is the "total situation"? And if that be true, even if not new, shall we regard the problem of immortality as "secondary"? Our author cannot claim that 'metaphysical "problems" may be set aside in a "practical" consideration of ethical problems. For every man carries into his morality some view of the universe, and it is ostrich policy to ignore that fact, and to forego the necessary criticism of fundamental principles that every useful treatment of ethics must undertake, unless it is strictly "Applied Ethics". But Mr. Field's book is called *Moral Theory*. Hence he is bound to recognize that the "total situation" and the "ideal" have to do with time and eternity as well as space and "consciousness", and that God, Freedom and Immortality may be just the presuppositions needed to make totality and ideality worth consideration.

Perhaps Mr. Field has the prescriptive right of custom to excuse him when he teaches that the Christian aspect of ethics is secondary in a philosophical study. But surely Christian ends, motives and results are of such theoretical and practical impor-

tance that even *Moral Theory* may make a serious study of their ethical and metaphysical implication as being the most significant and developed form of moral consciousness in the world.

Even if this claim be negated, we must still object to our author's or any other theory that finds itself "fitting in" with the Absolutism that such nobly diverse philosophical types as George Holmes Howison and William James agreed in fighting. For us the "total situation" includes our individual selves, whether or not eternally under the form of personality as we know it. The words "God" and "man" are emptied of all significance if spiritual pluralism be not a postulate of all our moral and religious thinking. Our author had a good chance to combine the pluralistic leanings of certain aspects of both Aristotle and Kant. Had he done so, his book would have been a boon. Although the trail of the absolutist red herring is on his page, nevertheless the book deserves commendation for its simplicity and lucidity of style, and its praiseworthy attempt to integrate two notable aspects of ethical theory. T. P. BAILEY.

ECONOMIC HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. By Thurman W. Van Metre. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 1921. Pp. viii, 672.

Professor Van Metre has produced a distinctly good hand-book which compares throughout favorably with the standard textbook by Professor Bogard. We particularly commend the full and eminently fair-minded treatment given by Dr. Van Metre to the English colonial policy and to the operation of the Navigation Acts. The desire of an important debtor class in the Colonies to escape payment of just obligations to British creditors had as much to do with working up revolutionary sentiment as taxation without representation. Like Professor Bogard, and in even fuller measure, the author devotes a very considerable proportion of his book to industrial expansion and to big business after the Civil War. The chapter on government regulation of business is admirable. The closing section on the World War and the Statistical Appendix are valuable features, and bring the work down to the year 1921. The index leaves nothing to be desired. S. L. WARE.

THE NEW FRONTIER. By Guy Emerson. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 1920. Pp. 302.

Much has been made since Buckle of the influence of climate upon civilization: historians now give much space to geography in their introductory chapters. The American spirit is the resultant of a number of forces, the frontier looming large to the fore among them. The breadth of the continent lay before the colonists; the magnitude of their dreams no less insured the conquest of a mighty realm. To Mr. Emerson this means a nation of idealists. The old frontier had its stirring, inspiring history and still lives on in the character of the descendants of the frontiersmen and with its gifts of endurance, strength, confidence, compelling liberalism, this people grown great faces the new frontier.

In the old frontier the author finds the originating force of the American liberal spirit. Our folkways, our history, our politics, our economic system, our education, our society are seen through the eyes of penetrating but optimistic criticism. There are difficult problems to be solved before the new frontier is reached, disintegrating tendencies not to be suppressed or diverted. The question of cleaner politics requires only a more persistent and continued engagement of their time on the part of the liberals. Compromise, with full recognition on both sides of the views and rights of the other, may find a solution for the industrial problem. Both parties have need to regard the opinion of the public, and education has its part to play in the reconstruction of public opinion.

The book emphasizes the function of the liberal spirit in fashioning the future of the country. The author believes wholeheartedly in our institutions, our government, our representatives in that government, our capitalistic system and its centralization, our press, our people. The national psychology is sound in essence, but greater organization of the liberal forces has become imperative. The individual must become more conscious of his duties as a citizen and his increasing responsibilities as a voter. The great social control is an enlightened, progressive, liberal public opinion.

J. B. E.

THE CRESCENT MOON. By Francis Brett Young. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 1918. Pp. 284.

THE MAN WHO DID THE RIGHT THING. By Harry Johnston. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1921. Pp. 447.

Both these novels have East Africa for their setting, and are capably realistic in method. Both contrast, without apparent prejudice, German and British colonial methods, both employ native uprisings, and both introduce English country heroines, although of widely different types. *The Crescent Moon* is the more finely written: its style is sensitively cadenced, pure, and mystically suggestive of its night and twilight atmospheres. Now and then, indeed, a touch of Conrad appears, as in "the immemorial impassivity of the great continent" (p. 234) and in the admirably wrought conclusion. The plot is simply woven, and the character psychology really convincing. That its author has won fame as a poet and critic is not surprising.

Sir Harry Johnston is even more versatile. He has been painter, geographer, governor, philologist and novelist, among his most notable non-fictional works being *Uganda* and *The Opening up of Africa*. His career as a novelist began with the publication in 1919 of *The Gay-Donneys*, followed by *Mrs. Warren's Daughter*. The present romance is cleverly charted, but sometimes leaves its course. Although the two love affairs are skilfully developed, the prime interest is in background and atmosphere rather than in character, so that it is the sifting of Africa through differing but impressionable characters that the author is after, as against Mr. Young's more subtle sifting of character through African menaces and dooms. Sir Harry Johnston's flexible uses of Borrowian dialogues, of letters, of time-lapses, and of omniscient fillings-in is convenient, even stimulating, but rather less than craftsmanlike, and the echoed names of some of his people—Sir Mulberry Hawk, Thomas Aldrich Bayley and Sir Willowby Patterne—seem rather pointless, as against his justified revival in his earlier novels of characters that remain more or less true to their original being. The title-refrain is rather overworked. Lucy's death is finely touched, and the last few chapters show the influence of Dickens at his best.

G. H. C.

LATER ESSAYS. 1917-1920. By Austin Dobson. Oxford University Press. 1921. Pp. 180.

The death of Austin Dobson on September 2, 1921, removed a writer of humane spirit, scholarly mind and gracious style. His knowledge of eighteenth century English writers was as delicate as it was extensive. The present—the tenth—volume of his studies continues to illustrate this fine sympathy. It contains six characteristic essays, and *A Casual Causerie*. Dobson did especially fine work in the studies of Fielding, Goldsmith, Steele, Walpole and Fanny Burney, while his persuasive and facile Anglicization of the ballade and rondeau has proved him both a master craftsman and a high-bred poet, with something of the quality of his admired Praed, Gay and Prior.

THE ART OF BIOGRAPHY. By William Roscoe Thayer. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1920. Pp. viii, 155.

This is a new member of the Page-Barbour Foundation Lecture Series, issued for the University of Virginia. It deals, in three thoughtful and urbane lectures, with the art of biography from antiquity to and including the nineteenth century. The newer view of the duty and function of the historian is finely set forth in the lecture on *Biography in Antiquity*; and the little appreciations of Eginhard's *Life of the Emperor Charlemagne*, Cavendish's *Life of Cardinal Wolsey*, Boswell's *Life of Johnson* (the secret of whose charm is happily analyzed), Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, and the biographical works of Carlyle, are frank, tonic, and humanely critical. We are, however, a little staggered to find on page 84 the phrase "an Autobiography of Johnson by himself"; while the English of the foreword (not, we are sure, Dr. Thayer's) leaves something to be desired.

BOOK NOTICES

THE LOST ORACLES, By James Westfall Thompson. Chicago: Walter M. Hill. 1921. Pp. 143.

THREE ONE-ACT PLAYS. By Stark Young. Cincinnati: Stewart Kidd Company. 1921. Pp. 66.

PORTMANTEAU ADAPTATIONS. By Stuart Walker. Edited, with an Introduction, by Edward Hale Bierstadt. Cincinnati: Stewart Kidd Company. 1921. Pp. 229.

SIR DAVID WEARS A CROWN. By Stuart Walker. Cincinnati: Stewart Kidd Company. 1922. Pp. 47.

TWO SLATTERS AND A KING. By Edna St. Vincent Millay. Cincinnati: Stewart Kidd Company. 1921. Pp. 18.

THURSDAY EVENING. By Christopher Morley. Cincinnati: Stewart Kidd Company. 1922. Pp. 35.

SWEET AND TWENTY. By Floyd Dell. Cincinnati: Stewart Kidd Company. 1921. Pp. 32.

Professor Thompson's masque attempts, through six panoramic acts, a "dramatization of the struggle between the pagan cults of antiquity and early Christianity". The work shows adequate learning and understanding, but does not succeed as a creation of art.

Mr. Young's three one-act plays—*Madretta*, *At the Shrine*, and *Addio*, especially the first of these—possess a good deal of merit. The character work is, in general, deftly handled, and the atmosphere is not prescribed but felt.

Portmanteau Adaptations is the third volume of the Portmanteau Series, so called after the Portmanteau Theatre, born in New York and re-born in Indianapolis. The book contains two adaptations by Mr. Walker—William Stevenson's *Gammer Gurton's Needle* and Oscar Wilde's *The Birthday of the Infanta*—and two original plays for children 'from seven to seventy': *Sir David Wears a Crown* and *Nellijumbo*, both touched by the influence of Barrie's manner, but the former by something of his spirit as well.

Of the four remaining plays (Stewart Kidd Modern Plays) Miss Millay's happy whimsy is admirable; Mr. Morley's *Thursday*

Evening has amusing psychology and the domestic background that its author so companionably portrays; Mr. Dell's comedy is carelessly clever; and Mr. Walker's gay admixture of satire and romance improves upon *Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil*, of which it is a sequel.

FAMOUS STORIES FROM FOREIGN COUNTRIES. Translated by Edna Worthley Underwood. Boston: The Four Seas Company. 1921. Pp. 150.

BRAZILIAN TALES. Translated from the Portuguese by Isaac Goldberg. Boston: The Four Seas Company. 1921. Pp. 149.

FAMOUS MYSTERY STORIES. Edited by J. Walker McSpadden. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. 1922. Pp. 292.

Mrs. Underwood's collection contains eleven stories from Bohemian, Armenian, Hungarian, Dutch, Austrian, Norwegian and Finnish sources, including specimens of the work of such capable writers as Bartsch, Petöfi, Mikszáth, Kielland and Päivarinta.

Dr. Goldberg, an experienced and sympathetic translator, presents three stories from Machado de Assis, and one each from Medeiros e Albuquerque, Coelho Netto and Carmen Dolores. There is also a useful preface.

Of Mr. McSpadden's group of ten mystery stories only five have exceptional merit as such. We can hardly regard it as a representative gleaning.

A DICTIONARY OF RELIGION AND ETHICS. Edited by Shailer Mathews, Professor of Historical and Comparative Theology in the University of Chicago, and Gerald Birney Smith, Professor of Christian Theology in the University of Chicago. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1921. Pp. vii, 513.

AN ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF RELIGIONS. By Maurice A. Canney, Professor of Semitic Languages and Literature in the University of Manchester. London: George Routledge and Sons. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 1921. Pp. ix, 397.

These two volumes are convenient and comprehensive reference books in the history and psychology of religion. The former book is more immediately adapted to the need of church workers and general readers, the latter to the purposes of closer

students. Professors Mathews and Smith, with approximately one hundred scholarly helpers, have striven for conciseness, but also for proportion as between terms needing mere definition and those which require authoritative if terse discussion. There is a good bibliography. Professor Canney's admirable work is particularly useful to students of Comparative Religion, and includes a fairly full discussion of many subjects elsewhere slightly treated, if at all. In many instances, valuable working references to a list of some two hundred accepted authorities are made available. The book is definite in scope and unified in treatment.

A DICTIONARY OF ENGLISH PHRASES. By Albert M. Hyamson. London: George Routledge and Sons. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 1922. Pp. 365.

A DICTIONARY OF CLASSIFIED QUOTATIONS. By W. Gurney Benham. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company, 1922. Pp. 653.

The first book contains some 14,000 allusive phrases, catchwords, crystallized modes of speech, nicknames, *sobriquets*, etc., with careful references to sources, dates and early usage. Although not exhaustive, the work is, within its limits, thorough and dependable.

A good deal of hard work has gone into Mr. Benham's volume, the index to which is so arranged, with its appropriate cross-references, as to make it easy to trace the desired passage. There is also a full list of authors quoted, with dates.

BUDDHIST PSALMS. Translated from the Japanese of Shinran Shōnin by S. Yamabe and L. Adams Beck. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 1921. Pp. 91.

Shinran Shōnin, (1175-1265), educated in the Doctrine of the Land of Pure Light by Hōnen Shōnin, led a life of great piety, service and learning. He expresses in these Jōdo-Wasan, Psalms of the Pure Land, the very essence of Mahayana Buddhism as it has flowered in the inner and outer life of the Japanese people.